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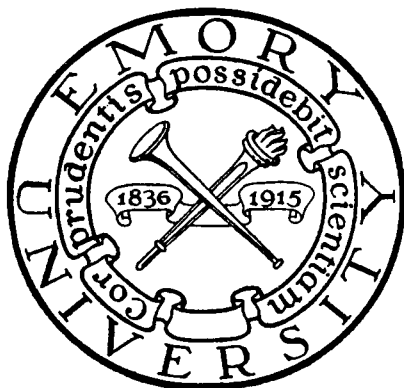
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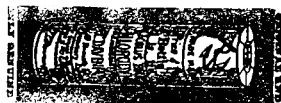
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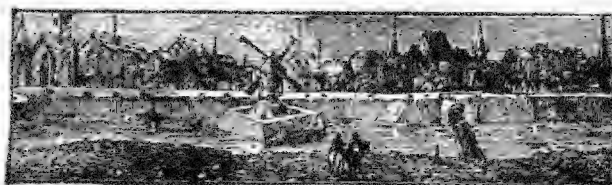
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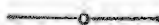
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### L

**T**WO or three persons having at different times intimated that if I would write an autobiography they would read it when they got leisure, I yield at last to this frenzied public demand, and herewith tender my history.

Ours is a noble old house, and stretches a long way back into antiquity. The earliest ancestor the Twains have any record of was a friend of the family by the name of Higgins. This was in the eleventh century, when our people were living in Aberdeen, county of Cork, England. Why it is that our long line has ever since borne the maternal name (except when one of them now and then took

a playful refuge in an *alias* to avert foolishness) instead of Higgins, is a mystery which none of us has ever felt much desire to stir. It is a kind of vague pretty romance, and we leave it alone. All the old families do that way.

Arthour Twain was a man of considerable note—a solicitor on the highway in William Rufus's time. At about the age of thirty he went to one of those fine old English places of resort called Newgate, to see about something, and never returned again. While there he died suddenly.

Augustus Twain seems to have made something of a stir about the year 1160. He was as full of fun as he could be, and used to take his old sabre and sharpen it up, and get in a convenient place on a dark night, and stick it through people as they went by, to see them jump. He was a born humorist. But he got to going too far with it; and the first time he was found stripping one of these parties the authorities removed one end of him, and put it up on a nice high place on Temple Bar, where it could contemplate the people and have a good time. He never liked any situation so much or stuck to it so long.

Then for the next two hundred years the family tree shows a succession of soldiers—

noble high-spirited fellows, who always went into battle singing, right behind the army, and always went out a-whooping, right ahead of it.

This is a scathing rebuke to old dead Froissart's poor witticism, that our family tree never had but one limb to it, and that that one stuck out at right angles, and bore fruit winter and summer.

Early in the fifteenth century we have Beau Twain, called "the Scholar." He wrote a beautiful, beautiful hand. And he could imitate anybody's hand so closely that it was enough to make a person laugh his head off to see it. He had infinite sport with his talent. But by and by he took a contract to break stone for a road, and the roughness of the work spoiled his hand. Still, he enjoyed life all the time he was in the stone business, which, with inconsiderable intervals, was some forty-two years. In fact, he died in harness. During all those long years he gave such satisfaction that he never was through with one contract a week till government gave him another. He was a perfect pet. And he was always a favourite with his fellow-artists, and was a conspicuous member of their benevolent secret society, called the Chain Gang. He always wore his hair short, had a preference for striped

clothes, and died lamented by the government. He was a sore loss to his country, for he was so regular.

Some years later we have the illustrious John Morgan Twain. He came over to this country with Columbus in 1492 as a passenger. He appears to have been of a crusty uncomfortable disposition. He complained of the food all the way over, and was always threatening to go ashore unless there was a change. He wanted fresh shad. Hardly a day passed over his head that he did not go idling about the ship with his nose in the air, sneering about the commander, and saying he did not believe Columbus knew where he was going to or had ever been there before. The memorable cry of "Land ho!" thrilled every heart in the ship but his. He gazed a while through a piece of smoked glass at the pencilled line lying on the distant water, and then said, "Land be hanged! It's a raft!"

When this questionable passenger came on board the ship he brought nothing with him but an old newspaper containing a handkerchief marked "B. G.," one cotton sock marked "L. W. C." one woollen one marked "D. F.," and a night-shirt marked "O. M. R." And yet during the voyage he worried more about his

"trunk," and gave himself more airs about it than all the rest of the passengers put together. If the ship was "down by the head," and would not steer, he would go and move his "trunk" further aft, and then watch the effect. If the ship was "by the stern," he would suggest to Columbus to detail some men to "shift that baggage." In storms he had to be gagged, because his wailings about his "trunk" made it impossible for the men to hear the orders. The man does not appear to have been openly charged with any gravely unbecoming thing, but it is noted in the ship's log as a "curious circumstance" that, albeít he brought his baggage on board the ship in a newspaper, he took it ashore in four trunks, a queensware crate, and a couple of champagne baskets. But when he came back insinuating, in an insolent swaggering way, that some of his things were missing, and was going to search the other passengers' baggage, it was too much, and they threw him overboard. They watched long and wonderfully for him to come up, but not even a bubble rose on the quietly-ebbing tide. But, while every one was most absorbed in gazing over the side and the interest was momentarily increasing, it was observed with consternation that the vessel was



adrift and the anchor cable hanging limp from the bow. Then in the ship's dimmed and ancient log we find this quaint note:—

In time it was discovered y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> troublesome passenger hadde gonne downe and got y<sup>e</sup> anchor, and toke y<sup>e</sup> same and solde it to y<sup>e</sup> dam sauvages from y<sup>e</sup> interior, saying y<sup>t</sup> he hadde *founde* it, y<sup>e</sup> sonne of a ghun!

Yet this ancestor had good and noble instincts, and it is with pride that we call to mind the fact that he was the first white person who ever interested himself in the work of elevating and civilizing our Indians. He built a commodious jail, and put up a gallows, and to his dying day he claimed with satisfaction that he had had a more restraining and elevating influence on the Indians than any other reformer that ever laboured among them. At this point the chronicle becomes less frank and chatty, and closes abruptly by saying that the old voyager went to see his gallows perform on the first white man ever hanged in America, and while there received injuries which terminated in his death.

The great grandson of the "Reformer" flourished in sixteen hundred and something, and was known in our annals as "the old Admiral." Though in history he had other

titles. He was long in command of fleets of swift vessels, well armed and manned, and did great service in hurrying up merchantmen. Vessels which he followed and kept his eagle eye on always made good fair time across the ocean. But if a ship still loitered in spite of all he could do his indignation would grow till he could contain himself no longer—and then he would take that ship home where he lived and keep it there carefully, expecting the owners to come for it, but they never did. And he would try to get the idleness and sloth out of the sailors of that ship by compelling them to take invigorating exercise and a bath. He called it “walking a plank.” All the pupils liked it. At any rate they never found any fault with it after trying it. When the owners were late coming for their ships, the Admiral always burned them, so that the insurance money should not be lost. At last this fine old tar was cut down in the fulness of his years and honours. And to her dying day his poor heart-broken widow believed that if he had been cut down fifteen minutes sooner he might have been resuscitated.

Charles Henry Twain lived during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was a zealous and distinguished missionary. He

converted sixteen thousand South Sea islanders, and taught them that a dog-tooth necklace and a pair of spectacles was not enough clothing to come to divine service in. His poor flock loved him very, very dearly; and when his funeral was over they got up in a body (and came out of the restaurant) with tears in their eyes, and saying one to another that he was a good tender missionary, and they wished they had some more of him.

PAH-GO - TO - WAH - WAH - PUKKETEKEEWIS (Mighty-Hunter-with-a-Hogg-Eye) Twain adorned the middle of the eighteenth century, and aided Gen. Braddock with all his heart to resist the oppressor Washington. It was this ancestor who fired seventeen times at our Washington from behind a tree. So far the beautiful romantic narrative in the moral story-books is correct, but when that narrative goes on to say that at the seventeenth round the awe-stricken savage said solemnly that that man was being reserved by the Great Spirit for some mighty mission, and he dared not lift his sacrilegious rifle against him again, the narrative seriously impairs the integrity of history. What he *did* say was—

“It ain’t no (hic!) no use. ’At man’s so drunk he can’t stan’ still long enough for a

man to hit him. I (hic!) *I* can't 'ford to fool away any more am'nition on *him* !”

*That* was why he stopped at the seventeenth round, and it was a good, plain, matter-of-fact reason, too, and one that easily commends itself to us by the eloquent persuasive flavour of probability there is about it.

I always enjoyed the story-book narrative, but I felt a marring misgiving that every Indian at Braddock's Defeat who fired at a soldier a couple of times (*two* easily grows to seventeen in a century), and missed him, jumped to the conclusion that the Great Spirit was reserving that soldier for some grand mission; and so I somehow feared that the only reason why Washington's case is remembered and the others forgotten is, that in his the prophecy came true, and in that of the others it didn't. There are not books enough on earth to contain the record of the prophecies Indians and other unauthorised parties have *made*; but one may carry in his overcoat pockets the record of all the prophecies that have been *fulfilled*.

I will remark here, in passing, that certain ancestors of mine are so thoroughly well known in history by their *aliases* that I have not felt it to be worth while to dwell upon them, or

even mention them in the order of their birth. Among these may be mentioned RICHARD BRINSLEY TWAIN, *alias* Guy Fawkes; JOHN WENTWORTH TWAIN, *alias* Sixteen-String Jack; WILLIAM HOGARTH TWAIN, *alias* Jack Sheppard; ANANIAS TWAIN, *alias* Baron Munchausen; JOHN GEORGE TWAIN, *alias* Capt. Kydd. And then there are George Francis Train, Tom Pepper, Nebuchadnezzar, and Baalam's Ass: they all belong to our family, but to a branch of it somewhat distantly removed from the honourable direct line—in fact a collateral branch, whose members chiefly differ from the ancient stock in that, in order to acquire the notoriety we have always yearned and hungered for, they have got into a low way of going to jail instead of getting hanged.

It is not well, when writing an autobiography, to follow your ancestry down too close to your own time—it is safest to speak only vaguely of your great-grandfather, and the skip from there to yourself, which I now do.

I was born without teeth—and there Richard III. had the advantage of me; but I was born without a humpback likewise, and there I had the advantage of *him*. My parents were neither very poor nor conspicuously honest.

But now a thought occurs to me. My own

history would really seem so tame contrasted with that of my ancestors that it is simply wisdom to leave it unwritten until I am hanged. If some other biographies I have read had stopped with the ancestry until a like event occurred it would have been a felicitous thing for the reading public. How does it strike *you*?





## II

### JOURNALISM IN TENNESSEE.

[From the *Bunkum Express*.]

The editor of the *Memphis Avalanche* swoops thus mildly down upon a correspondent who posted him as a Radical:—"While he was writing the first word, the middle, dotting his i's, crossing his t's, and punching his period, he knew he was concocting a sentence that was saturated with infamy and reeking with falsehood.—*Exchange*.

I WAS told by the physician that a Southern climate would improve my health, and so I went down to Tennessee, and got a berth on the *Morning Glory and Johnson County War-Whoop* as associate editor. When I went on duty I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room, and another afflicted chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and "old soldiers," and a stove hanging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long.

ailed black cloth frock coat on, and white men pants. His boots were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, a large seal ring, a standing collar of obsolete pattern, and a checkered neckerchief with the ends hanging down. Date of costume about 1848. He was smoking a cigar, and trying to think of a word, and in pawing his hair he had rumbled his locks a good deal. He was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skim through them and write up the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest.

I wrote as follows:—

" SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS.

" The editors of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* evidently labour under a misapprehension with regard to the Ballyhack railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off to one side. On the contrary, they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of the *Earthquake* will, of course, take pleasure in making the correction



“JOHN W Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the Higginsville *Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom*, arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren House.

“We observe that our contemporary of the Mud Springs *Morning Howl* has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Van Werter is not an established fact, but he will have discovered his mistake before this reminder reaches him, no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete election returns.

“It is pleasant to note that the city of Blathersville is endeavouring to contract with some New York gentleman to pave its well-nigh impassable streets with the Nicholsor pavement. But it is difficult to accomplish a desire *like* this since Memphis got some New Yorkers to do a like service for her and then declined to pay for it. However, the *Daily Hurrah* still urges the measure with ability and seems confident of ultimate success.

“We are pained to learn that Colonel Bascom, chief editor of the *Dying Shriek for Liberty*, fell in the streets a few evenings since and broke his leg. He has lately been suffering with debility, caused by over-work and anxiety on account of sickness in his

family, and it is supposed that he fainted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun."

I passed my manuscript over to the chief editor for acceptance, alteration, or destruction. He glanced at it, and his face clouded. He ran his eye down the pages, and his countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong. Presently he sprang up and said—

"Thunder and lightning! Do you suppose I am going to speak of those cattle that way? Do you suppose my subscribers are going to stand such gruel as that? Give me the pen!"

I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its way so viciously, or plough through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window, and marred the symmetry of his ear.

"Ah," said he, "that is that scoundrel Smith, of the *Moral Volcano*—he was due yesterday." And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second aim, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off.

Then the chief editor went on with his

erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them a hand-grenade came down the stove pipe, and the explosion shattered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

"That stove is utterly ruined," said the chief editor.

I said I believed it was.

"Well, no matter—don't want it this kind of weather. I know the man that did it. I'll get him. Now, *here* is the way this stuff ought to be written."

I took the manuscript. It was scarred with erasures and interlineations till its mother wouldn't have known it if it had one. It now read as follows:—

"SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS.

"The inveterate liars of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* are evidently endeavouring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyhack railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own fulsome brains—or rather in the settlements which *they* regard as

brains. They had better swallow this lie if they want to save their abandoned reptile carcasses the cowhiding they so richly deserve.

“That ass, Blossom of the Higginsville *Thunderbolt and Battle Cry of Freedom*, is down here again at the Van Buren.

“We observe that the besotted blackguard of the Mud Springs *Morning Howl* is giving out, with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Werter is not elected. The heaven-born mission of journalism is to disseminate truth; to eradicate error; to educate, refine, and elevate the tone of public morals and manners, and make all men more gentle, more virtuous, more charitable, and in all ways better, and holier, and happier; and yet this black-hearted villain degrades his great office persistently to the dissemination of falsehood, calumny, vituperation, and degrading vulgarity.

“Blathersville wants a Nicholson pavement—it wants a jail and a poorhouse more. The idea of a pavement in a one-horse town with two gin mills and a blacksmith’s shop in it, and that mustard-plaster of a newspaper, the *Daily Hurrah!* Better borrow of Memphis, where the article is cheap. The crawling insect, Buckner, who edits the *Hurrah*, is braying about this business with his customary

imbecility, and imagining that he is talking sense."

"Now *that* is the way to write—peppery and to the point. Mush-and-milk journalism gives me the fan-tods."

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering of a crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the back. I moved out of range—I began to feel in the way.

The chief said, "That was the Colonel, likely. I've been expecting him for two days. He will be up, now, right away."

He was correct. The Colonel appeared in the door a moment afterward with a dragoon revolver in his hand.

He said, "Sir, I have the honour of addressing the poltroon who edits this mangy sheet?"

"You have. Be seated, sir. Be careful of the chair, one of its legs is gone. I believe I have the honour of addressing the blatant scoundrel Col. Blatherskite Tecumseh?"

"That's me. I have a little account to settle with you. If you are at leisure we will begin."

"I have an article on the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Develop-

ment in America' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin."

Both pistols rang out their fierce clamour at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended its career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly, and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said, I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter, and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat, and assured me that I was not in the way. I had thought differently up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops a while, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fell to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked, with fine humour, that he would have to say good morning now, as he had business up town. He then inquired the way to the undertaker's, and left.

The chief turned to me and said, "I am

expecting company to dinner, and shall have to get ready. It will be a favour to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers."

I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too bewildered by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say.

He continued, "Jones will be here at 3—cowhide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perhaps—throw him out of the window. Ferguson will be along about 4—kill him. That is all for to-day, I believe. If you have any odd time, you may write a blistering article on the police—give the Chief Inspector rats. The cowhides are under the table; weapons in the drawer—ammunition there in the corner—lint and bandages up there in the pigeon-holes. In case of accident, go to Lancet, the surgeon, down stairs. He advertises—we take it out in trade."

He was gone. I shuddered. At the end of the next three hours I had been through perils so awful that all peace of mind and all cheerfulness had gone from me. Gillespie had called and thrown me out of the window. Jones arrived promptly, and when I got ready to do the cowhiding he took the job off my hands. In an encounter with a stranger, not

in the bill of fare, I had lost my scalp. Another stranger, by the name of Thompson, left me a mere wreck and ruin of chaotic rags. And at last, at bay in the corner, and beset by an infuriated mob of editors, blacklegs, politicians, and desperadoes, who raved and swore and flourished their weapons about my head till the air shimmered with glancing flashes of steel, I was in the act of resigning my berth on the paper when the chief arrived, and with him a rabble of charmed and enthusiastic friends. Then ensued a scene of riot and carnage such as no human pen, or steel one either, could describe. People were shot, probed, dismembered, blown up, thrown out of the window. There was a brief tornado of murky blasphemy, with a confused and frantic war-dance glimmering through it, and then all was over. In five minutes there was silence, and the gory chief and I sat alone and surveyed the sanguinary ruin that strewed the floor around us.

He said, "You'll like this place when you get used to it."

I said, "I'll have to get you to excuse me, I think—maybe, I might write to suit you after a while; as soon as I had had some practice and learned the language I am confident I could.



But, to speak the plain truth, that sort of energy of expression has its inconveniences, and a man is liable to interruption. You see that yourself. Vigorous writing is calculated to elevate the public, no doubt, but then I do not like to attract so much attention as it calls forth. I can't write with comfort when I am interrupted so much as I have been to-day. I like this berth well enough, but I don't like to be left here to wait on the customers. The experiences are novel, I grant you, and entertaining, too, after a fashion, but they are not judiciously distributed. A gentleman shoots at you through the window and cripples *me*; a bomb-shell comes down the stove pipe for your gratification, and sends the stove door down *my* throat; a friend drops in to swap compliments with you, and freckles *me* with bullet-holes till my skin won't hold my principles; you go to dinner, and Jones comes with his cowhide; Gillespie throws me out of the window, Thompson tears all my clothes off, and an entire stranger takes my scalp with the easy freedom of an old acquaintance; and in less than five minutes all the blackguards in the country arrive in their war paint, and proceed to sear the rest of me to death with their tomahawks. Take it altogether, I never had such a spirited

time in all my life as I have had to-day. No; I like you, and I like your calm unruffled way of explaining things to the customers, but you see I am not used to it. The Southern heart is too impulsive, Southern hospitality is too lavish with the stranger. The paragraphs which I have written to-day, and into whose cold sentences your masterly hand has infused the fervent spirit of Tennessecan journalism, will wake up another nest of hornets. All that mob of editors will come—and they will come hungry, too, and want somebody for breakfast. I shall have to bid you adieu. I decline to be present at these festivities. I came South for my health, I will go back on the same errand, and suddenly. Tennessee journalism is too stirring for me."

After which we parted with mutual regret, and I took apartments at the hospital.

MARK TWAIN.





### III.

## MEMORANDA.

THESE Memoranda are not a "humorous department. I would not conduct an exclusively and professedly humorous department for any one. I would always prefer to have the privilege of printing a serious and sensible remark, in case one occurred to me, without the reader's feeling obliged to consider himself outraged. We cannot keep the same mood day after day. I am liable, some day, to want to print my opinion on jurisprudence, or Homeric poetry, or international law, and I shall do it. It will be of small consequence to me whether the reader survive or not. I shall never go straining after jokes when in a cheerless mood, so long as the unhackneyed subject of international law is open to me. I will leave all that straining to people who edit professedly and inexorably "humorous" departments and publications.

I have chosen the general title of Memoranda for this department, because it is plain and simple, and makes no fraudulent promises.

I can print under it statistics, hotel arrivals, or anything that comes handy, without violating faith with the reader.

Puns cannot be allowed a place in this department. Inoffensive ignorance, benignant stupidity, and unostentatious imbecility will always be welcomed and cheerfully accorded a corner, and even the feeblest humour will be admitted when we can do no better; but no circumstances, however dismal, will ever be considered a sufficient excuse for the admission of that last and saddest evidence of intellectual poverty, the Pun.

M.T





#### IV.

### THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.

**I**N as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following *résumé* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government:—

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef.

Very well.

He started after Sherman with the beef, but

when he got to Washington Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days; but hearing that Sherman was going out in the *Quaker City* excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the *Quaker City*, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America, and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died:—

## THE UNITED STATES

*In acct. with* JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE,  
of New Jersey, deceased,

Dr.

To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman,	
<i>a</i> \$100       -       -       -       -	\$3000
To travelling expenses and transportation	- 14,000
	<hr/>
Total       -       -       -       -	\$17,000
Rec'd Pay't.	

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. *He* left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's Office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on *him* also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me—I am willing to go." And so he was, poor soul. Seven people inherited the contract after that; but they all died. So it came into my hands at

last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time ; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and weeping gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavour to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States.

He said, “Well, sir, what can I do for you?”

I said, “Sire, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State.

“He said, “Well sir?”

I said, “Your Royal Highness: on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the Gen-



eral Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

“That will do, sir—that will do; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef.”

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said—“Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting.”

I said, “Your Royal Highness, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looks somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior.

I said, “Your Imperial Highness, on or about the 10th day of October—”

“That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you before. Go, take your infamous beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army.”

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous Government till that contract business was settled. I would collect that bill, or fall as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General; I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office.

I said, "Your August Excellency, on or about—"

"Perdition! have you got *here* with your incendiary beef contract, at last? We have *nothing* to do with beef contracts for the army, my dear sir."

"Oh, that is all very well—but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef. It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I'll confiscate this old Patent Office and everything in it."

"But, my dear sir—"

"It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it."

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found out

something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury.

I said, "Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner

of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favoured young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the *very* day I entered the first office of the Corn-~~Reef~~ Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading—

“Illustrious Vagrant, where is the *Gran-  
Turk*?”

“What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out.”

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me a while, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After a while he finished them, and then he yawned and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honoured Imbecile: On or about—"

"You are the beef contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the North-West Passage, as *I* regarded it—he found the long-lost record of that beef contract—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The Government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name? I don't know his name."

"Must have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself, then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I *know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must

produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never pay that transportation and those travelling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why didn't the Second tell me? why didn't the Third? why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her—but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand—here is the beef contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all I know about the great beef contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract, or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labour and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.





## V.

### THE PETRIFIED MAN.

**N**OW, to show how really hard it is to foist a moral or a truth upon an unsuspecting public through a burlesque without entirely and absurdly missing one's mark, I will here set down two experiences of my own in this thing. In the fall of 1862, in Nevada and California, the people got to running wild about extraordinary petrifications and other natural marvels. One could scarcely pick up a paper without finding in it one or two glorified discoveries of this kind. The mania was becoming a little ridiculous. I was a bran-new local editor in Virginia City, and I felt called upon to destroy this growing evil; we all have our benignant fatherly moods at one time or another, I suppose. I chose to kill the petrification mania with a delicate, a very delicate satire. But maybe it was altogether too delicate, for nobody ever perceived the satire part of it at all. I put my scheme in the shape of the discovery of a remarkable petrified man.

I had had a temporary falling out with Mr. Sewall, the new coroner and justice of the peace of Humboldt, and thought I might as well touch him up a little at the same time and make him ridiculous, and thus combine pleasure with business. So I told, in patient belief-compelling detail, all about the finding of a petrified man at Gravelly Ford (exactly a hundred and twenty miles, over a breakneck mountain trail, from where Sewall lived); how all the savants of the immediate neighbourhood had been to examine it (it was notorious that there was not a living creature within fifty miles of there, except a few starving Indians, some crippled grasshoppers, and four or five buzzards out of meat and too feeble to get away); how those savants all pronounced the petrified man to have been in a state of complete petrification for over ten generations; and then, with a seriousness that I ought to have been ashamed to assume, I stated that as soon as Mr. Sewall heard the news he summoned a jury, mounted his mule, and posted off, with noble reverence for official duty, on that awful five days' journey, through alkali, sage-brush, peril of body and imminent starvation, to *hold an inquest* on this man that had been dead and turned to everlasting stone for more than three

hundred years! And then, my hand being "in," so to speak, I went on, with the same unflinching gravity, to state that the jury returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from *protracted exposure*. This only moved me to higher flights of imagination, and I said that the jury, with that charity so characteristic of pioneers, then dug a grave, and were about to give the petrified man Christian burial, when they found that for ages a limestone sediment had been trickling down the face of the stone against which he was sitting, and this stuff had run under him and cemented him fast to the "bed-rock;" that the jury (they were all silver-miners) canvassed the difficulty a moment, and then got out their powder and fuse, and proceeded to drill a hole under him, in order to *blast him from his position*, when Mr. Sewall, "with that delicacy so characteristic of him, forbade them, observing that it would be little less than sacrilege to do such a thing."

From beginning to end the "Petrified Man" squib was a string of roaring absurdities, albeit they were told with an unfair pretence of truth that even imposed upon me to some extent, and I was in some danger of believing in my own fraud. But I really had no desire to deceive anybody, and no expectation of doing

it. I depended on the way the petrified man was *sitting* to explain to the public that he was a swindle. Yet I purposely mixed that up with other things, hoping to make it obscure—and I did. I would describe the position of one foot, and then say his right thumb was against the side of his nose; then talk about his other foot, and presently come back and say the fingers of his right hand were spread apart; then talk about the back of his head a little, and return and say the left thumb was hooked into the right little finger; then ramble off about something else, and by and by drift back again and remark that the fingers of the left hand were spread like those of the right. But I was too ingenious. I mixed it up rather too much; and so all that description of the attitude, as a key to the humbuggery of the article, was entirely lost, for nobody but me ever discovered and comprehended the peculiar and suggestive position of the petrified man's hands.

As a *satire* on the petrification mania, or anything else, my Petrified Man was a disheartening failure; for everybody received him in innocent good faith, and I was stunned to see the creature I had begotten to pull down the wonder-business with and bring derision

Upon it, calmly exalted to the grand chief place in the list of the genuine marvels our Nevada had produced. I was so disappointed at the curious miscarriage of my scheme that at first I was angry, and did not like to think about it; but by and by, when the exchanges began to come in with the Petrified Man copied and guilelessly glorified, I began to feel a soothing secret satisfaction; and as my gentleman's field of travel broadened, and by the exchanges I saw that he steadily and implacably penetrated territory after territory, State after State, and land after land, till he swept the great globe and culminated in sublime and unimpeached legitimacy in the august London *Lancet*, my cup was full, and I said I was glad I had done it. I think that for about eleven months, as nearly as I can remember, Mr. Sewall's daily mail-bag continued to be swollen by the addition of half a bushel of newspapers hailing from many climes with the Petrified Man in them, marked around with a prominent belt of ink. I sent them to him. I did it for spite, not for fun. He used to shovel them into his back yard and curse. And every day during all those months the miners, his constituents (for miners never quit joking a person when they get started), would call on him and

ask if he could tell them where they could get hold of a paper with the Petrified Man in it. He could have accommodated a continent with them. I hated Sewall in those days, and these things pacified me and pleased me. I could not have gotten more real comfort out of him without killing him.





## VI.

### MY FAMOUS "BLOODY MASSACRE."

**T**HE other burlesque I have referred to was my fine satire upon the financial expedient of "cooking dividends," a thing which became shamefully frequent on the Pacific coast for a while. Once more, in my self-complacent simplicity, I felt that the time had arrived for me to rise up and be a reformer. I put this reformatory satire in the shape of a fearful "Massacre at Empire City." The San Francisco papers were making a great outcry about the iniquity of the Daney Silver-Mining Company, whose directors had declared a "cooked" or false dividend, for the purpose of increasing the value of their stock, so that they could sell out at a comfortable figure, and then scramble from under the tumbling concern. And while abusing the Daney, those papers did not forget to urge the public to get rid of all their silver stocks and invest in sound and safe San Francisco stocks, such as the Spring Valley Water Company, etc. But right at

this unfortunate juncture, behold the Spring Valley cooked a dividend too! And so, under the insidious mask of an invented "bloody massacre," I stole upon the public unawares with my scathing satire upon the dividend-cooking system. In about half a column of imagin ry inhuman carnage I told how a citizer had murdered his wife and nine children, and then committed suicide. And I said slyly, at the bottom, that the sudden madness of which this melancholy massacre was the result, had been brought about by his having allowed himself to be persuaded by the California papers to sell his sound and lucrative Nevada silver stocks, and buy into Spring Valley just in time to get cooked along with that company's fancy dividend, and sink every cent he had in the world.

Ah, it was a deep, deep satire, and most ingeniously contrived. But I made the horrible details so carefully and conscientiously interesting that the public simply devoured *them* greedily, and wholly overlooked the following distinctly-stated facts, to wit:—The murderer was perfectly well known to every creature in the land as a *bachelor*, and consequently he could not murder his wife and nine children; he murdered them "in his



splendid dressed-stone mansion just in the edge of the great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch Nick's," when even the very pickled oysters that came on our tables knew that there was not a "dressed-stone mansion" in all Nevada Territory; also that, so far from there being a "great pine forest between Empire City and Dutch Nick's," there wasn't a solitary tree within fifteen miles of either place; and, finally, it was patent and notorious that Empire City and Dutch Nick's were one and the same place, and contained only six houses anyhow, and consequently there could be no forest *between* them; and on top of all these absurdities I stated that this diabolical murderer, after inflicting a wound upon himself that the reader ought to have seen would have killed an elephant in the twinkling of an eye, jumped on his horse and rode *four miles*, waving his wife's reeking scalp in the air, and thus performing entered Carson City with tremendous *éclat*, and dropped dead in front of the chief saloon, the envy and admiration of all beholders.

Well, in all my life I never saw anything like the sensation that little satire created. It was the talk of the town, it was the talk of the Territory. Most of the citizens dropped gently

into it at breakfast, and they never finished their meal. There was something about those minutely faithful details that was a sufficing substitute for food. Few people that were able to read took food that morning. Dan and I (Dan was my reportorial associate) took our seats on either side of our customary table in the "Eagle Restaurant," and, as I unfolded the shred they used to call a napkin in that establishment, I saw at the next table two stalwart innocents with that sort of vegetable dandruff sprinkled about their clothing which was the sign and evidence that they were in from the Truckee with a load of hay. The one facing me had the morning paper folded to a long narrow strip, and I knew, without any telling, that that strip represented the column that contained my pleasant financial satire. From the way he was excitedly mumbling, I saw that the heedless son of a hay-mow was skipping with all his might, in order to get to the bloody details as quickly as possible; and so he was missing the guide-boards I had set up to warn him that the whole thing was a fraud. Presently his eyes spread wide open, just as his jaws swung asunder to take in a potato approaching it on a fork; the potato halted, the face lit up redly, and the whole man was on

fire with excitement. Then he broke into a disjointed checking-off of the particulars—his potato cooling in mid-air meantime, and his mouth making a reach for it occasionally, but always bringing up suddenly against a new and still more direful performance of my hero. At last he looked his stunned and rigid comrade impressively in the face, and said, with an expression of concentrated awe—

“Jim, he b’iled his baby, and he took the old ’oman’s skelp. Cuss’d if *I* want any breakfast!”

And he laid his lingering potato reverently down, and he and his friend departed from the restaurant empty but satisfied.

He *never got down* to where the satire part of it began. Nobody ever did. They found the thrilling particulars sufficient. To drop in with a poor little moral at the fag-end of such a gorgeous massacre, was to follow the expiring sun with a candle and hope to attract the world’s attention to it.

The idea that anybody could ever take my massacre for a genuine occurrence never once suggested itself to me, hedged about as it was by all those tell-tale absurdities and impossibilities concerning the “great pine forest,” the “dressed-stone mansion,” etc. But I found

out then, and never have forgotten since, that we never *read* the dull explanatory surroundings of marvellously exciting things when we have no occasion to suppose that some irresponsible scribbler is trying to defraud us; we skip all that, and hasten to revel in the blood-curdling particulars and be happy.

Therefore, being bitterly experienced, I tried hard to word that agricultural squib of mine in such a way as to deceive nobody; and I partly succeeded, but not entirely. However, I did not do any harm with it any way. In order that parties who have lately written me about vegetables and things may know that there *was* a time when I would have answered their questions to the very best of my ability, and considered it my imperative duty to do it, I refer them to the narrative of my one week's experience as an agricultural editor, which will be found in this MEMORANDA next month.





## VII.

### THE JUDGE'S "SPIRITED WOMAN."

"**I** WAS sitting here," said the Judge, "in this old pulpit, holding court, and we were trying a big wicked-looking Spanish desperado for killing the husband of a bright pretty Mexican woman. It was a lazy summer day, and an awfully long one, and the witnesses were tedious. None of us took any interest in the trial except that nervous uneasy devil of a Mexican woman—because you know how they love and how they hate, and this one had loved her husband with all her might, and now she had boiled it all down into hate, and stood here spitting it at that Spaniard with her eyes; and I tell you she would stir *me* up, too, with a little of her summer lightning occasionally. Well, I had my coat off and my heels up, lolling and sweating, and smoking one of those cabbage cigars the San Francisco people used to think were good enough for us in those times; and the lawyers they all had their coats off, and

were smoking and whittling, and the witnesses the same, and so was the prisoner. Well, the fact is, there warn't any interest in a murder trial then, because the fellow was always brought in "not guilty," the jury expecting him to do as much for them some time; and, although the evidence was straight and square against this Spaniard, we knew we could not convict him without seeming to be rather high-handed and sort of reflecting on every gentleman in the community; for there warn't any carriages and liveries then, and so the only 'style' there was, was to keep your private graveyard. But that woman seemed to have her heart set on hanging that Spaniard; and you'd ought to have seen how she would glare on him a minute, and then look up at me in her pleading way, and then turn and for the next five minutes search the jury's faces, and by and by drop her face in her hands for just a little while as if she was most ready to give up, but out she'd come again directly and be as live and anxious as ever. But when the jury announced the verdict—Not Guilty, and I told the prisoner he was acquitted and free to go, that woman rose up till she appeared to be as tall and grand as a seventy-four-gun ship, and says she—

“‘Judge, do I understand you to say that this man is not guilty, that murdered my husband without any cause before my own eyes and my little children’s, and that all has been done to him that ever justice and the law can do?’

“‘The same,’ says I.

“And then what do you reckon she did? Why, she turned on that smirking Spanish fool like a wild cat, and out with a ‘navy’ and shot him dead in open court!”

“That *was* spirited, I am willing to admit.”

“Wasn’t it, though?” said the Judge, admiringly. “I wouldn’t have missed it for anything. I adjourned court right on the spot, and we put on our coats and went out and took up a collection for her and her cubs, and sent them over the mountains to their friends. Ah, she was a spirited wench!”





## VIII.

### HIGGINS.

"YES, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice, and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the courthouse stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins's waggon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door.

Then he said, "Does the widder Bagley live here?"

"The *widow* Bagley? No, sir!"

"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does *Judge* Bagley live here?"



"Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."

"I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?"

"No, not at present."

"I jest expected as much. Because, you know — take hold o' suthin, mum, for I'm a-going to make a little communication, and I reckon may be it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the waggon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to *him*!"





## IX.

### HOGWASH.

FOR five years I have preserved the following miracle of pointless imbecility and bathos, waiting to see if I could find anything in literature that was worse. But in vain. I have read it forty or fifty times altogether, and with a steadily increasing measurable disgust. I now offer it for competition as the sickliest specimen of sham sentimentality that exists. I almost always get it out and read it when I am lowspirited, and it has cheered many and many a sad hour for me. I will remark, in the way of general information, that in California, that land of felicitous nomenclature, the literary name of this sort of stuff is "*hogwash*."

[From the *California Farmer*.]

#### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

MR. EDITOR,—I hand you the following for insertion if you think it worthy of publication. It is a picture, though brief, of a living reality

which the writer witnessed, within a little time since, in a luxurious city--

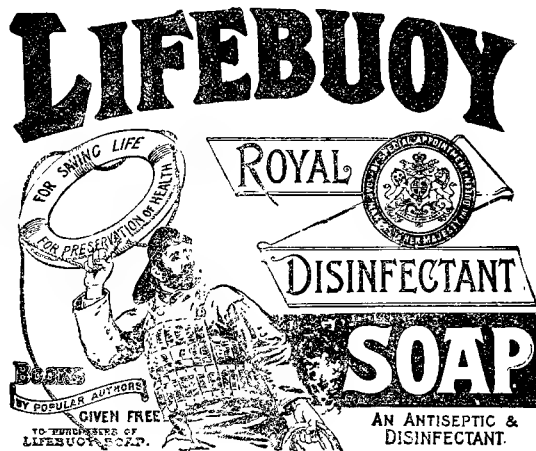
A beautiful lady sat beneath a verandah overshadowed by clustering vines; in her lap was a young infant, apparently asleep. The mother sat, as she supposed, unobserved, and lost in deep meditation. Richly robed, and surrounded with all the outward appearances of wealth and station, wife and mother and mistress of a splendid mansion and garden around it, it would have seemed as if the heart that could claim to be queen here should be a happy one. Alas! appearances are not always the true guide, for

That mother sat there like a statue awhile,  
When over her face beamed a sad, sad smile;  
Then she started and shudder'd as if terrible fears  
Were crushing her spirit—then came the hot tears.

And the wife and mother, with all that was seemingly joyous around her, gave herself up to the full sweep of agonising sorrow. I gazed upon this picture for a little while only, for my own tears fell freely and without any control: the lady was so truthful and innocent, to all outward appearances, that my own deepest sympathies went out instantly to her and her sorrows.

A Nation's Health  
Is a Nation's Wealth.

*Emerson.*



Life is not to live  
But to be well.

*Martial.*

# LOSS OF WORK.

How many houses have been broken up, how many women and children have been driven into the workhouse by *this* cause, who can calculate?

To what extent our present death and disease rates are capable of being lowered, we can judge best by looking for a moment at the statistics of the prisons of our country. From these, strange to say, we learn an invaluable lesson of what may be done in preventing disease.

"For years back," says Dr. George Wilson, "the prisons of this country have been proved by the most rigid statistics to be far healthier than our homes, and so-called preventable disease of any kind is so rare within their walls, that when any isolated cases do appear they at once give rise to surprise and are sure to call for inquiry."

Why should this be? Why should our prisons be so much healthier than our homes? Why should the death rate in the free cottage be 20 per cent. and the sick rate nearly 100 per cent. higher than in the captive's cell?

*Because* in the prisons the great scientific fact is recognised, that all infectious diseases are propagated by *living seeds or germs*, and therefore means are taken to prevent their propagation.

If people understood this, we should not hear such mischievous nonsense talked about whooping cough, measles, etc., being diseases which *children must have*. They would know that there is no disease under the sun which any one *must* have, but that there are many which no one ought to have if proper means were taken to prevent them.

The practical question for us all then is, "How shall we prevent infectious diseases from entering our homes?"

The answer is, "By destroying the seeds of infection."

"But how can this be done, as the seed is invisible?"

The answer to this is fortunately simple.

1. By Boiling.
2. By Burning.
3. By Using LIFEBOUY SOAP.

Thorough boiling or burning will destroy every kind of disease germs, but we cannot obviously always employ such means. We cannot boil our hands or bodies, on which the germs may lurk unseen if we have been near sick people, or people whom we suspect have been ill. The nurse who is attending a case of typhoid, though she knows that the unseen infection on her hands, if in an incautious moment it gets near her mouth, may convey the disease to herself, cannot burn her hands or boil them. If we are not

rich we cannot burn everything in the room where measles or whooping cough is nursed. No, in hundreds of such cases we cannot destroy the living seed in this way. "What are we to do then?" Why, we can destroy it in another way which is simple, cheap, and sure—

## **“By the use of Lifebuoy Soap.”**

“How will this do it?” Because, hidden within this Soap is a weapon which, in the hands of even the weakest woman, is powerful to *destroy* all those unseen germs by which infectious diseases are sown and spread.

In plain English, LIFEBOUY SOAP is so strongly impregnated with a potent disinfectant (*i.e.*, A KILLER OF INFECTION) that its use will ensure the utter destruction of all germs of disease, which, because unseen, are often unsuspected until they have produced their deadly fruit.

Where there are dirty boards, filthy sinks, musty cupboards, or foul smells, there disease is *surely* germinating and then it will thrive.

One bar of LIFEBOUY SOAP will stop this deadly work. It will not only *remove* the seeds of sickness which thrive in dirt, because that might be done by any soap, but it will *destroy* them. If merely removed they will undoubtedly spring up somewhere else, but once LIFEBOUY SOAP has been applied, all lurking disease germs, not only those of infectious disease, but the germs of putrefaction which produce sores and skin diseases, mould and decay, are killed, and therefore can never again produce disease.

## **Finally—**

It must be remembered that in preventing infectious diseases, we prevent many others whose connection with infectious illness is often entirely overlooked. It should never be forgotten that rheumatism, heart disease, Bright's disease, dropsy, deafness, and throat diseases often follow scarlet fever and scarlatina; that consumption and lung complaints are not infrequently the sequel to measles and whooping cough; that blindness and permanent ill-health frequently follow smallpox; and that the *inherited tendency* of many diseases (as scrofula, for example) may lie dormant through life if not awoken, as they often are, by an attack of some infectious disease.

The means of stopping the spread of infection has now been discovered. The realisation of the ambition of sanitary reformers to *stamp out infectious disease* is now within measurable distance, but can *never* be attained by the efforts of a few. No combination of doctors or scientific men will ever succeed in banishing infectious disease from our midst until the men and women of Great Britain take the matter into their own hands.

# OUR DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

*Infection, and how to keep it from Spreading.*

---

There is no duty that ought to be thought more serious than the duty we all owe to each other of preventing any infection we may have among us from spreading to others. It is a sacred duty which nations, families, and individuals owe to each other. To take infection *knowingly* among others is *moral murder*. Everyone should recognise the truth of this.

The vestries in every parish are *bound* to disinfect bedding and rooms after every infectious illness, and we have pointed out the value of

## LIFEBUOY SOAP

in preserving from infection, but there are still some other precautions which everyone ought to take, but which many wilfully neglect. These are the chief :

1. Don't send children to school from a house where any infectious disease exists.
2. Don't go to church, meetings, inside omnibuses, or crowded shops, or anywhere of like nature when you are nursing infectious illness.
3. Don't send toys used by children suffering from ANY infectious illness to other children—they should always *be burnt*.
4. Don't send linen used in infectious illness, or in ophthalmia, to laundresses unless first soaked in a lather of LIFEBUOY SOAP—and then boiled. Laundresses have lost their eyesight from ophthalmia caught in this way.
5. Don't write letters from infectious rooms.
6. Don't have books from the circulating library taken into infectious rooms. This is a cruel way of spreading infection.
7. Don't let dogs or cats into rooms where infectious illness is. They may convey the infection in their fur to other houses. If they have got into the room unnoticed, they should be scrubbed with LIFEBUOY SOAP before going about the house.
8. Remember that we may infect a whole neighbourhood if we don't *disinfect* all the evacuations of the sick *before* they are put down the drains.

This is no fancy sketch, but a sad, sad reality. It occurred in the very heart of our city, and, witnessing it with deep sorrow, I asked myself, how can these things be? But I remember that this small incident may only be a foreshadowing of some great sorrow deeply hidden in that mother's aching heart. The bard of Avon says—

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.

I had turned away for a moment to look at some object that attracted my attention, when, looking again, this child of sorrow was drying her eyes carefully and preparing to leave and go within—

And *there* will canker sorrow eat her bud,  
And chase the native beauty from her cheek.







X.

JOHNNY GREER.

THE church was densely crowded that lovely summer Sabbath," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "and all, as their eyes rested upon the small coffin, seemed impressed by the poor black boy's fate. Above the stillness the pastor's voice rose, and chained the interest of every ear as he told, with many an envied compliment, how that the brave, noble, daring little Johnny Greer, when he saw the drowned body sweeping down toward the deep part of the river whence the agonized parents never could have recovered it in this world, gallantly sprang into the stream, and at the risk of his life towed the corpse to shore, and held it fast till help came and secured it. Johnny Greer was sitting just in front of me. A ragged street boy, with eager eye, turned upon him instantly, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"'No, but did you though?'

"'Yes,'

“‘Towed the carkiss ashore and saved ~~is~~  
yo’self?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Cracky! What did they give you?’

“‘Nothing.’

“‘W-h-a-t! [with intense disgust.] D’you  
know what I’d a done? I’d a anchored him  
out in the stream and said, *Five dollars, gents,*  
*as youz can’t have yo’ nigger.’”*





## XI.

### A DARING ATTEMPT AT A SOLUTION OF IT.

THE Fenian invasion failed because George Francis Train was absent. There was no lack of men, arms, or ammunition, but there was sad need of Mr. Train's organising power, his coolness and caution, his tranquillity, his strong good sense, his modesty and reserve, his secrecy, his taciturnity, and above all his frantic and bloodthirsty courage. Mr. Train and his retiring and diffident private secretary were obliged to be absent, though the former must certainly have been lying at the point of death, else nothing could have kept him from hurrying to the front, and offering his heart's best blood for the Down-trodden People he so loves, so worships, so delights to champion. He *must* have been in a disabled condition, else nothing could have kept him from invading Canada at the head of his "children."

And, indeed, this modern Samson, solitary and alone, with his formidable jaw, would have been a more troublesome enemy than five times

*DARING ATTEMPT AT A SOLUTION. 67*

the Fenians that did invade Canada, because *they* could be made to retire, but G. F. would never leave the field while there was an audience before him, either armed or helpless. The invading Fenians were wisely cautious, knowing that such of them as were caught would be likely to hang; but the Champion would have stood in no such danger. There is no law, military or civil, for hanging persons afflicted in his peculiar way.

He was not present, alas!—save in spirit. He could not and would not waste so fine an opportunity, though, to send some ecstatic lunacy over the wires, and so he wound up a ferocious telegram with this:—

WITH VENGEANCE STEEPED IN WORMWOOD'S GALL!  
D——D OLD ENGLAND, SAY WE ALL!

*And keep your powder dry.*

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

SHERMAN HOUSE,

CHICAGO, Noon, Thursday, May 26.

P.S.—Just arrived and addressed grand Fenian Meeting in Fenian Armory, donating \$50.

This person could be made really useful by roosting him on some lighthouse or other prominence where storms prevail, because it takes so much wind to keep him going that he probably moves in the midst of a dead calm wherever he travels.



## XII.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOSE six or eight persons who have written to me from various localities, inquiring with a deal of anxiety if I am permanently engaged to write for this Magazine, have been surprised, may be, at the serene way in which I let the days go by without making any sort of reply. Do they suppose that I am one of that kind of birds that can be walked up to and captured by the process of putting salt on its tail? Hardly. These people want to get me to say Yes, and then stop their magazine. The subscriber was not fledged yesterday.





### XIII. A MEMORY.

WHEN I say that I never knew my austere father to be enamoured of but one poem in all the long half-century that he lived, persons who knew him will easily believe me; when I say that I have never composed but one poem in all the long third of a century that I have lived, persons who know me will be sincerely grateful; and finally, when I say that the poem which I composed was not the one which my father was enamoured of, persons who may have known us both will not need to have this truth shot into them with a mountain howitzer before they can receive it. My father and I were always on the most distant terms when I was a boy—a sort of armed neutrality, so to speak. At irregular intervals this neutrality was broken, and suffering ensued; but I will be candid enough to say that the breaking and the suffering were always divided up with strict impartiality between us—which is to say, my father did the breaking, and I did the

suffering. As a general thing I was a backward, cautious, unadventurous boy. But once I jumped off a two-story stable; another time I gave an elephant a "plug" of tobacco, and retired without waiting for an answer; and still another time I pretended to be talking in my sleep, and got off a portion of a very wretched original conundrum in hearing of my father. Let us not pry into the result; it was of no consequence to any one but me.

But the poem I have referred to as attracting my father's attention and achieving his favour was "Hiawatha." Some man who courted a sudden and awful death presented him an early copy, and I never lost faith in my own senses until I saw him sit down and go to reading it in cold blood—saw him open the book, and heard him read these following lines, with the same inflectionless judicial frigidity with which he always read his charge to the jury, or administered an oath to a witness—

Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
And your mittens, Minjekahwan,  
And your birch canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nama."

Presently my father took out of his breast-

pocket an imposing "Warranty Deed," and fixed his eyes upon it, and dropped into meditation. I knew what it was. A Texan lady and gentleman had given my half-brother, Orrin Johnson, a handsome property in a town in the North, in gratitude to him for having saved their lives by an act of brilliant heroism.

By and by my father looked toward me and sighed.

Then he said, "If I had such a son as this poet, here were a subject worthier than the traditions of these Indians."

"If you please, sir, where?"

"In this deed."

"In the—deed?"

"Yes—in this very deed," said my father, throwing it on the table. "There is more poetry, more romance, more sublimity, more splendid imagery hidden away in that homely document than could be found in all the traditions of all the savages that live."

"Indeed, sir? Could I—could I get it out, sir? Could I compose the poem, sir, do you think?"

"You?"

I wilted.

Presently my father's face softened somewhat, and he said—



"Go and try. But mind; curb folly. No poetry at the expense of truth. Keep strictly to the facts."

I said I would, and bowed myself out and went up stairs.

"Hiawatha" kept droning in my head—and so did my father's remarks about the sublimity and romance hidden in my subject, and also his injunction to beware of wasteful and exuberant fancy. I noticed just here that I had heedlessly brought the deed away with me. Now, at this moment came to me one of those rare moods of daring recklessness, such as I referred to a while ago. Without another thought, and in plain defiance of the fact that I knew my father meant me to write the romantic story of my half-brother's adventure and subsequent good fortune, I ventured to heed merely the letter of his remarks and ignore their spirit. I took the stupid "Warranty Deed" itself and chopped it up into Hiawathian blank verse, without altering or leaving out three words, and without transposing six. It required loads of courage to go down stairs and face my father with my performance. I started three or four times before I finally got my pluck to where it would stick. But at last I said I would go down and read

it to him if he threw me over the church for it. I stood up to begin, and he told me to come closer. I edged up a little, but still left as much neutral ground between us as I thought he would stand. Then I began. It would be useless for me to try to tell what conflicting emotions expressed themselves upon his face, nor how they grew more and more intense as I proceeded; nor how a fell darkness descended upon his countenance, and he began to gag and swallow, and his hands began to work and twitch, as I reeled off line after line, with the strength ebbing out of me and my legs trembling under me.

#### THE STORY OF A GALLANT DEED.

THIS INDENTURE, made the tenth  
Day of November, in the year  
Of our Lord one thousand eight  
Hundred six-and-fifty.

Between JOANNA S. E. GRAY  
And PHILIP GRAY, her husband,  
Of Salem City in the State  
Of Texas, of the first part,

And O. B. JOHNSON, of the town  
Of Austin, ditto, WITNESSETH ·  
That said party of first part,  
For and in consideration

Of the sum of Twenty Thousand  
 Dollars, lawful money of  
 The U. S. of Americay,  
 To them in hand now paid by said

Party of the second part,  
 The due receipt whereof is here-  
 By confessed and acknowledg-ed,  
 Have Granted, Bargained, Sold, Remised

Released and Aliened and Conveyed,  
 Confirmed, and by these presents do  
 Grant and Bargain, Sell, Remise,  
 Alien, Release, Convey, and Con-

Firm unto the said aforesaid  
 Party of the second part,  
 And to his heirs and assigns  
 For ever and ever, ALL

That certain piece or parcel of  
 LAND situate in city of  
 Dunkirk, county of Chautauqua,  
 And likewise furthermore in York State.

Bounded and described, to wit,  
 As follows, herein, namely :  
 BEGINNING at the distance of  
 A hundred two-and-forty feet.

North-half-east, north-east-by-north,  
 East-north-east and northerly  
 Of the northerly line of Mulligan Street,  
 On the westerly line of Mannigan Street,

And running thence due northerly  
On Brannigan Street 200 feet,  
Thence at right angles westerly,  
North-west-by-east-and-west-half-west,

West-and-by-north north-west-by-west,  
About—

I kind of dodged, and the boot-jack broke  
the looking-glass. I could have waited to see  
what became of the other missiles if I had  
wanted to, but I took no interest in such  
things.





#### XIV.

### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

**P**OLITICAL Economy is the basis of all good government. The wise men of all ages have brought to bear upon this subject the—

[Here I was interrupted and informed that a stranger wished to see me down at the door. I went and confronted him, and asked to know his business, struggling all the time to keep a tight rein on my seething political economy ideas, and not let them break away from me or get tangled in their harness. And privately I wished the stranger was in the bottom of the canal with a cargo of wheat on top of him. I was all in a fever, but he was cool. He said he was sorry to disturb me, but as he was passing he noticed that I needed some lightning-rods. I said, "Yes, yes—go on—what about it?" He said there was nothing about it, in particular—nothing except that he would like to put them up for me. I am new to housekeeping; have been used to hotels and

boarding-houses all my life. Like anybody else of similar experience, I try to appear (to strangers) to be an old housekeeper; consequently I said in an off-hand way that I had been intending for some time to have six or eight lightning-rods put up, but—— The stranger started, and looked inquiringly at me, but I was serene. I thought that if I chanced to make any mistakes he would not catch me by my countenance. He said he would rather have my custom than any man's in town. I said, "All right," and started off to wrestle with my great subject again, when he called me back and said it would be necessary to know exactly how many "points" I wanted put up, what parts of the house I wanted them on, and what quality of rod I preferred. It was close quarters for a man not used to the exigencies of housekeeping, but I went through creditably, and he probably never suspected that I was a novice. I told him to put up eight "points," and put them all on the roof, and use the best quality of rod. He said he could furnish the "plain" article at 20 cents a foot; "coppered," 25 cents; "zinc-plated, spiral-twist," at 30 cents, that would stop a streak of lightning any time, no matter where it was bound, and "render its errand harmless and its

further progress apocryphal." I said apocryphal was no slouch of a word, emanating from the source it did, but, philology aside, I liked the spiral-twist and would take that brand. Then he said he *could* make two hundred and fifty feet answer; but to do it right, and make the best job in town of it, and attract the admiration of the just and the unjust alike, and compel all parties to say they never saw a more symmetrical and hypothetical display of lightning-rods since they were born, he supposed he really couldn't get along without four hundred, though he was not vindictive, and trusted he was willing to try. I said, go ahead and use four hundred, and make any kind of a job he pleased out of it, but let me get back to my work. So I got rid of him at last; and now, after half-an-hour spent in getting my train of political economy thoughts coupled together again, I am ready to go on once more.]

richest treasures of their genius, their experience of life, and their learning. The great lights of commercial jurisprudence, international confraternity, and biological deviation, of all ages, all civilisations, and all nationalities, from Zoroaster down to Horace Greely, have—

[Here I was interrupted again, and required to go down and confer further with that lightning-rod man. I hurried off, boiling and surging with prodigious thoughts wombed in words of such majesty that each one of them was in itself a straggling procession of syllables that might be fifteen minutes passing a given point, and once more I confronted him—he so calm and sweet, I so hot and frenzied. He was standing in the contemplative attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, with one foot on my infant tuberoses, and the other among my pansies, his hands on his hips, his hat-brim tilted forward, one eye shut and the other gazing critically and admiringly in the direction of my principal chimney. He said now *there* was a state of things to make a man glad to be alive; and added, “I leave it to *you* if you ever saw anything more deliriously picturesque than eight lightning-rods on one chimney?” I said I had no present recollection of anything that transcended it. He said that in his opinion nothing on this earth but Niagara Falls was superior to it in the way of natural scenery. All that was needed now, he verily believed, to make my house a perfect balm to the eye, was to kind of touch up the other chimneys a little, and thus “add to the generous *coup d’œil*



a soothing uniformity of achievement which would allay the excitement naturally consequent upon the first *coup d'état*." I asked him if he learned to talk out of a book, and if I could borrow it anywhere? He smiled pleasantly, and said that his manner of speaking was not taught in books, and that nothing but familiarity with lightning could enable a man to handle his conversational style with impunity. He then figured up an estimate, and said that about eight more rods scattered about my roof would about fix me right, and he guessed five hundred feet of stuff would do it; and added that the first eight had got a little the start of him, so to speak, and used up a mere trifle of material more than he had calculated on—a hundred feet or along there. I said I was in a dreadful hurry, and I wished we could get this business permanently mapped out, so that I could go on with my work. He said, "I *could* have put up those eight rods, and marched off about my business—some men *would* have done it. But no: I said to myself, this man is a stranger to me, and I will die before I'll wrong him; there ain't lightning-rods enough on that house, and for one I'll never stir out of my tracks till I've done as I would be done by, and told him so. Stranger,

my duty is accomplished ; if the recalcitrant and dephlogistic messenger of heaven strikes your—" "There, now, there," I said, "put on the other eight—add five hundred feet of spiral twist—do anything and everything you want to do ; but calm your sufferings, and try to keep your feelings where you can reach them with the dictionary. Meanwhile, if we understand each other now, I will go to work again." I think I have been sitting here a full hour, this time, trying to get back to where I was when my train of thought was broken up by the last interruption ; but I believe I have accomplished it at last, and may venture to proceed again.]

wrestled with this great subject, and the greatest among them have found it a worthy adversary, and one that always comes up fresh and smiling after every throw. The great Confucius said that he would rather be a profound political economist than chief of police. Cicero frequently said that political economy was the grandest consummation that the human mind was capable of consuming ; and even our own Greeley has said vaguely but forcibly that——

[ Here the lightning-rod man sent up another

call for me. I went down in a state of mind bordering on impatience. He said he would rather have died than interrupt me, but when he was employed to do a job, and that job was expected to be done in a clean workmanlike manner, and when it was finished and fatigue urged him to seek the rest and recreation he stood so much in need of, and he was about to do it, but looked up and saw at a glance that all the calculations had been a little out, and if a thunder-storm were to come up and that house which he felt a personal interest in stood there with nothing on earth to protect it but sixteen lightning-rods—— “Let us have peace!” I shrieked. “Put up a hundred and fifty! Put some on the kitchen! Put a dozen on the barn! Put a couple on the cow!—put one on the cook!—scatter them all over the persecuted place till it looks like a zinc-plated, spiral-twisted, silver-mounted cane-brake! Move! Use up all the material you can get your hands on, and when you run out of lightning-rods put up ram-rods, cam-rods, stair-rods, piston-rods—*anything* that will pander to your dismal appetite for artificial scenery, and bring respite to my raging brain and healing to my lacerated soul!” Wholly unmoved—further than to smile sweetly—

iron being simply turned back his wristbands daintily, and said "He would now proceed to hump himself." Well, all that was nearly three hours ago. It is questionable whether I am calm enough yet to write on the noble theme of political economy, but I cannot resist the desire to try, for it is the one subject that is nearest to my heart and dearest to my brain of all this world's philosophy.]

"Political economy is heaven's best boon to man." When the loose but gifted Byron lay in his Venetian exile he observed that, if it could be granted him to go back and live his misspent life over again, he would give his lucid and unintoxicated intervals to the composition, not of frivolous rhymes, but of essays upon political economy. Washington loved this exquisite science; such names as Baker, Beckwith, Judson, Smith, are imperishably linked with it; and even imperial Homer, in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, has said:

Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum,  
Post mortem unum, ante bellum,  
Hic jacet hoc, ex-parte res,  
Politicum e-conomico est.

'The grandeur of these conceptions of the old poet, together with the felicity of the

wording which clothes them, and the sublimity of the imagery whereby they are illustrated, have singled out that stanza, and made it ~~more~~ celebrated than any that ever——

[“Now, not a word out of you—not a single word. Just state your bill and relapse into impenetrable silence for ever and ever on these premises. Nine hundred dollars? Is that all? This check for the amount will be honoured at any respectable bank in America. What is that multitude of people gathered in the street for? How?—‘looking at the lightning-rods!’ Bless my life, did they never see any lightning-rods before? Never saw ‘such a stack of them on one establishment,’ did I understand you to say? I will step down and critically observe this popular ebullition of ignorance.”]

THREE DAYS LATER.—We are all about worn out. For four-and-twenty hours our bristling premises were the talk and wonder of the town. The theatres languished, for their happiest scenic inventions were tame and commonplace compared with my lightning-rods. Our street was blocked night and day with spectators, and among them

were many who came from the country to see. It was a blessed relief, on the second day, when a thunder-storm came up and the lightning began to "go for" my house, as the historian Josephus quaintly phrases it. It cleared the galleries, so to speak. In five minutes there was not a spectator within half a mile of my place; but all the high houses about that distance away were full, windows, roof, and all. And well they might be, for all the falling stars and Fourth of July fireworks of a generation, put together and rained down simultaneously out of heaven in one brilliant shower upon one helpless roof, would not have any advantage of the pyrotechnic display that was making my house so magnificently conspicuous in the general gloom of the storm. By actual count, the lightning struck at my establishment seven hundred and sixty-four times in forty minutes, but tripped on one of those faithful rods every time, and slid down the spiral twist and shot into the earth before it probably had time to be surprised at the way the thing was done. And through all that bombardment only one patch of slates was ripped up, and that was because, for a single instant, the rods in the vicinity were transporting all the lightning they could possibly

accommodate. Well, nothing was ever seen like it since the world began. For one whole day and night not a member of my family stuck his head out of the window but he got the hair snatched off it as smooth as a billiard-ball; and, if the reader will believe me, not one of us ever dreamt of stirring abroad. But at last the awful siege came to an end—because there was absolutely no more electricity left in the clouds above us within grappling distance of my insatiable rods. Then I sallied forth, and gathered daring workmen together, and not a bite or a nap did we take till the premises were utterly stripped of all their terrific armament except just three rods on the house, one on the kitchen, and one on the barn — and behold these remain there even unto this day. And then, and not till then, the people ventured to use our street again. I will remark here, in passing, that during that fearful time I did not continue my essay upon political economy. I am not even yet settled enough in nerve and brain to resume it.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Parties having need of three thousand two hundred and eleven feet of best quality zinc-plated spiral-twist lightning-rod stuff, and sixteen-

hundred and thirty-one silver-tipped points, all in tolerable repair (and, although much worn by use, still equal to any ordinary emergency), can hear of a bargain by addressing the publisher.







## XV.

### JOHN CHINAMAN IN NEW YORK

A CORRESPONDENT (whose signature, "Lang Bemis," is more or less familiar to the public) contributes the following:—

As I passed along by one of those monster American tea-stores in New York, I found a Chinaman sitting before it acting in the capacity of a sign. Everybody that passed by gave him a steady stare as long as their heads would twist over their shoulders without dislocating their necks, and a large group had stopped to stare deliberately.

Is it not a shame that we, who prate so much about civilization and humanity, are content to degrade a fellow-being to such an office as this? Is it not time for reflection when we find ourselves willing to see in such a being, in such a situation, matter merely for frivolous curiosity instead of regret and grave reflection? Here was a poor creature whom hard fortune had exiled from his natural home beyond the seas, and whose troubles ought to have touched these idle strangers that thronged

but did it? Apparently not. Men calling themselves the superior race, the race of culture and of gentle blood, scanned his quaint Chinese hat, with peaked roof and ball on top, and his long queue dangling down his back; his short silken blouse, curiously frogged and figured (and, like the rest of his raiment, rusty, dilapidated, and awkwardly put on); his blue cotton tight-legged pants, tied close around the ankles; and his clumsy blunt-toed shoes with thick cork soles; and, having so scanned him from head to foot, cracked some unseemly joke about his outlandish attire or his melancholy face, and passed on. In my heart I pitied the friendless Mongol. I wondered what was passing behind his sad face, and what distant scene his vacant eye was dreaming of. Were his thoughts with his heart, ten thousand miles away, beyond the billowy wastes of the Pacific? among the rice-fields and the plummy palms of China? under the shadows of remembered mountain-peaks, or in groves of bloomy shrubs and strange forest-trees unknown to climes like ours? And now and then, rippling among his visions and his dreams, did he hear familiar laughter and half-forgotten voices, and did he catch fitful glimpses of the friendly faces of a bygone

time? A cruel fate it is, I said, that is befallen this bronzed wanderer; a cheerless destiny enough. In order that the group of idlers might be touched at least by the words of the poor fellow, since the appeal of his pauper dress and his dreary exile was lost upon them, I touched him on the shoulder and said—

“Cheer up—don’t be down-hearted. It is not America that treats you in this way, & is merely one citizen, whose greed of gain has eaten the humanity out of his heart. America has a broader hospitality for the exiled and oppressed. America and Americans are always ready to help the unfortunate. Money shall be raised—you shall go back to China—you shall see your friends again. What wages do they pay you here?”

“Divil a cint but four dollars a week and find meself; but it’s aisy, barrin’ the b—y furrin clothes that’s so expinsive.”

The exile remains at his post. The New York tea-merchants who need picturesque signs are not likely to run out of Chinamen





## XVI.

### AN EPIDEMIC.

ONE calamity to which the death of Mr. Dickens dooms this country has not awakened the concern to which its gravity entitles it. We refer to the fact that the nation is to be lectured to death and read to death all next winter by Tom, Dick, and Harry, with poor lamented Dickens for a pretext. All the vagabonds who can spell will afflict the people with "readings" from *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*, and all the insignificants who have been ennobled by the notice of the great novelist, or transfigured by his smile, will make a marketable commodity of it now, and turn the sacred reminiscence to the practical use of procuring bread and butter. The lecture rostrums will fairly swarm with these fortunates. Already the signs of it are perceptible. Behold how the unclean creatures are wending toward the dead lion, and gathering to the feast—

"Reminiscences of Dickens." A lecture. By John Smith, who heard him read eight times

"Remembrances of Charles Dickens." A lecture. By John Jones, who saw him once in a street car and twice in a barber's shop.

"Recollections of Mr. Dickens." A lecture. By John Brown, who gained a wide fame by writing deliriously appreciative critiques and rhapsodies upon the great author's public readings; and who shook hands with the great author upon various occasions, and held converse with him several times.

"Readings from Dickens." By John White, who has the great delineator's style and manner perfectly, having attended all his readings in this country, and made these things a study, always practising each reading before retiring, and while it was hot from the great delineator's lips. Upon this occasion Mr. W. will exhibit the remains of a cigar which he saw Mr. Dickens smoke. This Relic is kept in a solid silver box made purposely for it.

"Sights and Sounds of the Great Novelist." A popular lecture. By John Gray, who waited on his table all the time he was at the Grand Hotel, New York, and still has in his possession and will exhibit to the audience a fragment of the Last Piece of Bread which the lamented author tasted in this country.

"Heart Treasures of Precious Moments with

Literature's Departed Monarch." A lecture. By Miss Serena Amelia Tryphenia McSpadden, who still wears, and will always wear, a glove upon the hand made sacred by the clasp of Dickens. Only Death shall remove it.

"Readings from Dickens." By Mrs. J. O'Hooligan Murphy, who washed for him.

"Familiar Talks with the Great Author." A narrative lecture. By John Thomas, for two weeks his valet in America.

And so forth, and so on. This isn't half the list. The man who has a "Toothpick once used by Charles Dickens" will have to have a hearing; and the man who "once rode in an omnibus with Charles Dickens;" and the lady to whom Charles Dickens "granted the hospitalities of his umbrella during a storm; and the person who "possesses a hole which once belonged to a handkerchief owned by Charles Dickens." Be patient and long-suffering, good people, for even this does not fill up the measure of what you must endure next winter. There is no creature in all this land who has had any personal relations with the late Mr. Dickens, however slight or trivial, but will shoulder his way to the rostrum, and inflict his testimony upon his helpless countrymen. To some people it is fatal to be noticed by greatness.



## XVII.

### FAVOURS FROM CORRE SPONDENTS.

**A**N unknown friend in Cleveland sends me a printed paragraph, signed "Lucretia," and says, "I venture to forward to you the enclosed article taken from a news correspondence in a New Haven paper, feeling confident that for gushing tenderness it has never been equalled. Even that touching Western production which you printed in the June *GALAXY* by way of illustrating what Californian journalists term 'hogwash,' is thin when compared with the unctuous ooze of 'Lucretia.'" The *Cleveland* has a correct judgment, as "Lucretia's" paragraph, hereunto appended, will show :

"One lovely morning last week, the pearly gates of heaven were left ajar, and white-robed angels earthward came, bearing on their snowy pinions a lovely babe. Silently, to a quiet home-nest, where love and peace abide, the angels came and placed the infant softly on a young mother's arm, saying in sweet musical

# FOR WASHING CAGE-BIRDS AND POULTRY

The most successful Breeders, Exhibitors, and

## PRIZE-WINNERS USE SUNLIGHT SOAP

and pronounce it best for the purpose.

### Canary Washing.

In describing a demonstration of Canary Washing before a local Bird-breeding Association, the *Norfolk Daily and Evening Standard* of March 10, 1891, says:—

Mr. WARREN, of Norwich, took five birds, extremely dirty, and in 30 minutes, with the aid of Sunlight Soap and a sponge, placed them on a par with exhibition birds for cleanliness, expressing his opinion that Sunlight Soap removes dirt quicker than other soaps, and therefore gives birds the opportunity of sooner recovering from the severe test of handling and washing.



### Preparing Poultry, Pigeons, &c., for Exhibition.

Writing October 5th, 1892, the Sub-Editor of *Fur and Feather* observes:—

I have used Sunlight Soap constantly for the past six years for preparing Poultry, Pigeons, and Cage Birds for Exhibition, with the result that I have won many hundreds of prizes with birds washed with it. In washing birds with delicate-coloured plumage it is invaluable, as it does not cause the colour to run or fade.

Mr. WILLIAM PICKERING, Birdgate, Pickering, Yorkshire, writes December 15, 1892:—

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

**Stands Unrivalled for Washing Exhibition Poultry.** I have used it for a number of years during which time I have won upwards of 1,000 prizes in the show pen at most of the exhibitions in England.

### How to Wash White Fowls.

Reprinted from the *Feathered World*, December 29, 1892:—

Dissolve a quarter of a pound of SUNLIGHT SOAP in sufficient rather warm water to almost cover the fowl when placed in it. Place the fowl in the water, and commencing at its head with soap, sponge, and a soft brush, wash it, brushing and sponging the feathers the right way of the web until they are thoroughly cleansed. To wash the ruff, open the feathers. When the fowl is well washed, rinse it in clean cold water. It is important this should be thoroughly done. Lastly, dip in water faintly coloured with blue, then with dry towels, rubbing and pressing the feathers the right way of the web, extract as much of the water as possible out of them. The fowls should then be placed in a box or basket with an open front facing a brisk fire. The fowls should be washed one or two days before sending them to the show. In the meantime they should be kept in a large pen on a good bed of straw.



# A Cheap and Effective Cage for Small Animals.

*From the "The Bazaar, the Exchange & Mart," Sept. 22nd, 1893.*

BY way of experiment, a few days ago, I rigged up out of a Sunlight Soap box a very cheap, not to say convenient and attractive, little cage; it is of suitable size for a squirrel, for gerbils, dormice, white rats, guinea-pigs, chipmunks, and other little animals, for which it may be rendered the more comfortable by the addition of sundry perches, sleeping-boxes, shelving, or bits of tree-branches. I first of all gave 3d. for the box at a neighbouring grocers; the wood was already fairly planed inside and out, and with the addition of a few nails to those already in—which required in one two instances a tap or two to make them tight again—the woodwork-body of the cage was complete. The dimensions of these very well-finished boxes are indicated in Fig. 1.

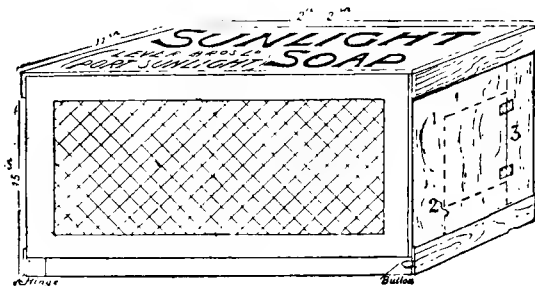


FIG. 1.

I next squared off a door at the end, as represented by the dotted lines. At the two corners 1 and 2 I bored a gimlet-hole for the admission of a fine keyhole-saw. I then sawed from 1 to 2 and from 1 and 2 inwards to the edge 3, where the edges of the two boards comprising the end of the box meet, there being only three cuts to be made.

Here I may remark that at 3 (Fig. 1) the hinges may be put on, even before the door is cut at all, and so avoid some little "fiddling" to make it fit again. A button may be added, or a small staple and padlock, or, what are better still, a couple of screw-eyes, at  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the pair, and a padlock. To prevent your pets from nibbling the edges of the door, procure some old iron bedstead laths, or some of the thin iron bands,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. wide, that are to be got from any corkcutter. Cut these to length, and, having punched a few nail-holes, nail inside the box, allowing  $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. to cover the edge of the cut, against which the door will shut, and it will then be found impossible to push the door too far inwardly.

I next purchased a piece of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. planed board, which I marked off into lengths,  $1\frac{3}{4}$ -in. in width, running a jack-plane down each raw side and just along the edges—"rounding them off," as carpenters say. I cut them into 25-in. and  $13\frac{1}{4}$ -in. lengths to form the front; these I squared off at each end, half-cutting the ends, so as to let each upright into the cross-pieces, as in Fig. 2, and making the wood flush. Four 1-in. wire nails driven into each corner made the frame complete. Some 2-ft. wide  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. mesh wire-netting was purchased, at 9d. per yard. The cage required a piece of this exactly 1-ft. long by about 23-in. I cut the inch off for reasons which I shall directly give. A pennyworth of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. wire tacks made three cage-fronts. The wire-netting was next tacked on. Over the inside of the frame, covering the edge of the wire-netting, I tacked some strips of the iron mentioned above, which answered the double purpose of preventing nibbling and saving the inmates from being hurt by the sharp points of the wire. Two strips of wood must now be nailed on the inside of each end of the box, the front being pushed in against and screwed to them. It will be found better to do this rather than nail them, it being far easier to occasionally whitewash the cage from the open front than through the small door. The bit of netting—the 1-in.—cut off will not stand now in the way of a close fit of the front to the strips of wood.

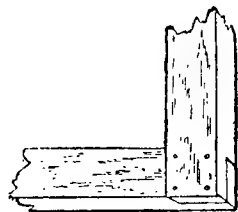


FIG. 2.

Nothing remains now but to cut and plane a small slip of wood to be affixed to the bottom of the front by a couple of hinges, or, what is better, as represented in Fig. 1, a hinge at one end, a button holding it secure at the other. This is the cleaning slip, through which the sawdust may be drawn out. Now apply a trifle of maroon or chocolate paint to the front, and the cage is complete. A series of half-a-dozen of these one above another, forms a very useful, not to say striking array of cages.

If you require the cage for a squirrel or such like, a sleeping-box must be put up in one corner, and a tree-branch placed in before fastening in your front. I found the total outlay for three cages as follows:—

	s.	d.
3 Sunlight Soap boxes .. .. .	0	8½
1 yard of 2-ft. wide $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. net... ..	0	9
Nails and tacks .... .	0	2
Extra wood .. .. .	0	4
Hinges (9 in all). .... .	0	6
Buttons (6 in all) .... .	0	3
Paint .... .	0	2
Boy fetching boxes.....	0	1½
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	3	0

# “USE SUNLIGHT SOAP”

## FOR WASHING YOUR DOGS.

---

### How to Wash a Dog.

“**DOGGIE.**—Wash your dog in warm water, . . . . . and use **SUNLIGHT SOAP** for the washing. Thoroughly get the soap into the hair, give him a good rubbing all over, and rinse the hair well. Rub the dog as dry as you possibly can, wrap him up in something warm, and let lie near the fire until dry, when the hair must be nicely combed out, and after he has giving himself a shake or two he will look beautiful. A dog well washed twice, or even thrice, a week will be free from fleas, and healthy.”—From “*The Lady*,” February 20th, 1890.

### The Royal Hospital for Dogs,

55, South Molton Street,  
Grosvenor Square, W.

Gentlemen,

I have used your **SUNLIGHT SOAP** in my Kennels for washing dogs, and prefer it to any soap I have previously used. It is thoroughly cleansing, improves the texture of the coat, and imparts a beautiful gloss without injuring the skin or changing the colour of the hair. After three years' trial upon hundreds of dogs, I have great pleasure in recommending it to owners of dogs.

Yours faithfully,

C. ROTHERHAM.

### No Superior for Washing Dogs.

“As an article adapted for canine ablutions it knows no superior. It lathers freely, cleanses the hair thoroughly, and does not injure the condition of the skin; three attributes which should certainly combine to make it popular amongst dog men.”—“*Fanciers' Chronicle*,” November 27th, 1891.

LEVER BROTHERS,  
LIMITED,  
PORT SUNLIGHT,



SOAPMAKERS  
TO HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN.

---

TWENTY-FIVE GOLD MEDALS,  
DIPLOMAS, and other Honours.

strains, 'Lady, the Saviour bids you take this child and nurse it for him.' The low-toned music died away as the angels passed upward to their bright home, but the baby girl sleeps quietly in her new-found home. We wish thee joy, young parents, in thy happiness."

This, if I have been rightly informed, is not the customary method of acquiring offspring, and for all its seeming plausibility it does not look to me to be above suspicion. I have lived many years in this world, and I never knew of an infant being brought to a party by angels, or other unauthorised agents, but it made more or less talk in the neighbourhood. It may be, Miss Lucretia, that the angels consider New Haven a more eligible place to raise children in than the realms of eternal day, and are capable of deliberately transferring infants from the one locality to the other; but I shall have to get you to excuse me. I look at it differently. It would be hard to get me to believe such a thing. And I will tell you why. However, never mind. You know, yourself, that the thing does not stand to reason. Still, if you were present when the babe was brought so silently to that quiet home-nest, and placed in that soft manner on the young mother's arm, and if you heard the sweet musical strains

which the messengers made, and could not recognise the tune, and feel justified in believing that it and likewise the messengers themselves were of super-sublunary origin, I pass. And so I leave the question open. But I will say, and do say, that I have not read anything sweeter than that paragraph for seventy or eighty years.





## XVIII.

### THE RECEPTION AT THE PRESIDENT'S.

AFTER I had drifted into the White House with the flood tide of humanity that had been washing steadily up the street for an hour, I obeyed the orders of the soldier at the door and the policeman within, and banked my hat and umbrella with a coloured man, who gave me a piece of brass with a number on it, and said that that thing would reproduce the property at any time of the night. I doubted it, but I was on unknown ground now, and must be content to take a good many chances.

Another person told me to drop in with the crowd, and I would come to the President presently. I joined, and we drifted along till we passed a certain point, and then we thinned out to double and single file. It was a right gay scene, and a right stirring and lively one; for the whole place was brightly lighted, and all down the great hall, as far as one could see, was a restless and writhing multitude of people, the women powdered, painted, jewelled,

and splendidly upholstered, and many of the men gilded with the insignia of great naval, military, and ambassadorial rank. It was bewildering.

Our long line kept drifting along, and by and by we came in sight of the President and Mrs. Grant. They were standing up shaking hands and trading civilities with our procession. I grew somewhat at home little by little, and then I began to feel satisfied and contented. I was getting to be perfectly alive with interest by the time it came my turn to talk with the President. I took him by the hand and looked him in the eye, and said—

“ Well, I reckon I see you at last, General. I have said as much as a thousand times, out in Nevada, that if ever I went home to the States I would just have the private satisfaction of going and saying to you by word of mouth that *I* thought you was considerable of a soldier, anyway. Now, you know, out there we—”

I turned round and said to the fellow behind me, “ Now, look here, my good friend, how the nation do you suppose I can talk with any sort of satisfaction with you crowding me this way? I am surprised at your manners.”

He was a modest-looking creature. He

said, "But you see the whole procession's stopped, and they're crowding up on me."

I said, "Some people have got more cheek. Just suggest to the parties behind you to have some respect for the place they are in, and not try to shove in on a private conversation. What the General and me are talking about ain't of the least interest to them."

Then I resumed with the President, "Well, well, well. Now this is fine. This is what I call something *like*. Gay? Well, I should say so. And so *this* is what you call a Presidential reception. I'm free to say that it just lays over anything that ever I saw ~~and~~ in the sage-brush. I have been to Governor Nye's Injun receptions at Honey Lake and Carson City many and many a time—he that's Senator Nye now—you know him, of course. I never saw a man in all my life that Jim Nye didn't know—and not only that, but he could tell him *where* he knew him, and all about him, family included, even if it was forty years ago. Most remarkable man, Jim Nye—remarkable. He can tell a lie with that purity of accent, and that grace of utterance, and that convincing emotion—"

I turned again, and said, "My friend, your conduct surprises me. I have come three



thousand miles to have a word with the President of the United States upon subjects with which you are not even remotely connected, and by the living geewhillikins I can't proceed with any sort of satisfaction on account of your cussed crowding. Will you just please to go a little slow, now, and not attract so much attention by your strange conduct? If you had any eyes you could see how the bystanders are staring."

He said, "But I tell you, sir, it's the people behind. They are just growling, and surging, and shoving, and I wish I was in Jericho, I do."

I said, "I wish you was, myself. You might learn some delicacy of feeling in that ancient seat of civilization, maybe. Drat if you don't need it."

And then I resumed with the President, "Yes, sir, I've been at receptions before, plenty of them—old Nye's Injun receptions. But they warn't as starchy as this by considerable. No reat long strings of highfliers like these galoots here, you know, but old high-flavoured Washoes and Pi-Utes, each one of them as powerful as a rag-factory on fire. Phew! Those were halcyon days. Yes, indeed, General, and madam, many and many's

the time, out in the wilds of Nevada, I've been—"

"Perhaps you had better discontinue your remarks till another time, sir, as the crowd behind you are growing somewhat impatient," the President said.

"Do you hear that?" I said to the fellow behind me. "I suppose you will take *that* hint, anyhow. I tell you he is milder than *I* would be. If I was President I would waltz you people out at the back door if you came crowding a gentleman this way that *I* was holding a private conversation with."

And then I resumed with the President, "I think that hint of yours will start them. I never saw people act so. It is really about all I can do to hold my ground with that mob shoving up behind. But don't you worry on my account, General—don't give yourself any uneasiness about me—I can stand it as long as they can. I've been through this kind of a mill before. Why, as I was just saying to you, many and many a time, out in the wilds of Nevada, I have been at Governor Nye's Injun receptions—and, between you and me, that old man was a good deal of a Governor—take him all round. I don't know what for Senator he makes, though I think you'll admit

that him and Bill Stewart and Tom Fitch take a bigger average of brains into that Capitol up yonder, by a hundred and fifty fold, than any other State in America, according to population. Now, that is so. Those three men represent only twenty or twenty-five thousand people—bless you, the least little bit of a trifling ward in the city of New York casts two votes to Nevada's one—and yet those three men haven't their superiors in Congress for straight-out, Simon-Pure brains and ability. And if you could just have been at one of old Nye's Injun receptions, and seen those savages—not highfliers like these, you know, but frowsy old bummers, with nothing in the world on in the summer time but an old battered plug hat and a pair of spectacles—I tell you it was a swell affair, was one of Governor Nye's early-day receptions. Many and many's the time I have been to them, and seen him stand up and beam and smile on his children, as he called them in his motherly way—beam on them by the hour out of his splendid eyes, and fascinate them with his handsome face, and comfort them with his persuasive tongue—seen him stand up there and tell them anecdotes and lies, and quote Watts's hymns to them until he just took the war spirit all out of them—

and grim chiefs that came two hundred miles to tax the whites for whole waggon-loads of blankets and things, or make eternal war if they didn't get them, he has sent away bewildered with his inspired mendacity, and perfectly satisfied and enriched with an old hoop-skirt or two, a lot of Patent Office reports, and a few sides of condemned army bacon that they would have to chain up to a tree when they camped, or the skippers would walk off with them. I tell you he is a rattling talker. Talk! It's no name for it. He—well, he is bound to launch straight into close quarters and a heap of trouble hereafter, of course—we all know that—but you can rest satisfied that he will take off his hat and put out his hand and introduce himself to the King of Darkness perfectly easy and comfortable, and let on that he has seen him somewhere before; and he will remind him of parties he used to know, and things that's slipped out of his memory; and he'll tell him a thousand things that he can't *help* taking an interest in, and every now and then he will, just gently, mix in an anecdote that will fetch him if there's any laugh in him—he will, indeed—and Jim Nye will chip in and help cross-question the candidates, and he will just

hang around and hang around and hang around, getting more and more sociable all the time, and doing this, that, and the other thing in the handiest sort of way till he has made himself perfectly indispensable, and then the very first thing, you know—”

I wheeled and said, “My friend, your conduct grieves me to the heart. A dozen times at least your unseemly crowding has seriously interfered with the conversation I am holding with the President, and if the thing occurs again I shall take my hat and leave the premises.”

“I wish to the mischief you would! Where did you come from any way, that you’ve got the unutterable cheek to spread yourself here, and keep fifteen hundred people standing waiting half an hour to shake hands with the President?”

An officer touched me on the shoulder and said, “Move along, please; you’re annoying the President beyond all patience. You have blocked the procession, and the people behind you are getting furious. Come, move along, please.”

Rather than have trouble I moved along. So I had no time to do more than look back over my shoulder, and say, “Yes, sir, and the

first thing they would know, Jim Nye would have that place, and the salary doubled. I do reckon he is the handiest creature about making the most of his chances that ever found an all-sufficient substitute for mother's milk in politics and sin. Now, that is the kind of man Old Nye is—and in less than two months he would talk every—But I can't make you hear the rest, General, without hollering too loud "





XIX.

## GOLDSMITH'S FRIEND ABROAD AGAIN.

NOTE.—No experience is set down in the following letters which had to be invented. Fancy is not needed to give variety to the history of a Chinaman's sojourn in America. Plain fact is amply sufficient.

### LETTER I.

SHANGHAI, 18—

**D**EAR CHING-FOO,—It is all settled, and I am to leave my oppressed and overburdened native land and cross the sea to that noble realm where all are free and all equal, and none reviled or abused—America! America, whose precious privilege it is to call herself the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. We and all that are about us here look over the waves longingly, contrasting the privations of this our birthplace with the opulent comfort of that happy refuge. We know how America ~~was~~ welcomed the Germans and the Frenchmen, and the stricken and sorrowing Irish, and we know how she has given them bread and work and liberty, and how grateful

they are. And we know that America stands ready to welcome all other oppressed peoples, and offer her abundance to all that come, without asking what their nationality is, or their creed or colour. And, without being told it, we know that the foreign sufferers she has rescued from oppression and starvation are the most eager of her children to welcome us, because, having suffered themselves, they know what suffering is, and having been generously succoured, they long to be generous to other unfortunates, and thus show that magnanimity is not wasted upon them.

AH SONG HI.

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#### LETTER II.

AT SEA, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO,—We are far away at sea now, on our way to the beautiful Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. We shall soon be where all men are alike, and where sorrow is not known.

The good American who hired me to go to his country is to pay me \$12 a month, which is immense wages, you know—twenty times as much as one gets in China. My passage in the ship is a very large sum—indeed, it is a



fortune; and this I must pay myself eventually, but I am allowed ample time to make it good to my employer in, he advancing it now. For a mere form, I have turned over my wife, my boy, and my two daughters to my employer's partner for security for the payment of the ship fare. But my employer says they are in no danger of being sold, for he knows I will be faithful to him, and that is the main security.

"I thought I would have twelve dollars to begin life with in America, but the American Consul took two of them for making a certificate that I was shipped on the steamer. He has no right to do more than charge the ship two dollars for *one* certificate for the *ship*, with the number of her Chinese passengers set down in it; but he chooses to force a certificate upon each and every Chinaman, and put the two dollars in his pocket. As 1300 of my countrymen are in this vessel, the Consul received \$2600 for certificates. My employer tells me that the Government at Washington know of this fraud, and are so bitterly opposed to the existence of such a wrong that they tried hard to have the extor—the fee, I mean, legalised by the last Congress;\* but, as the bill

\* Pacific and Mediterranean Steamship Bills.—[ED MEM.]

did not pass, the Consul will have to take the fee dishonestly until next Congress makes it legitimate. It is a great and good and noble country, and hates all forms of vice and chicanery.

We are in that part of the vessel always reserved for my countrymen. It is called the steerage. It is kept for us, my employer says, because it is not subject to changes of temperature and dangerous drafts of air. It is only another instance of the loving unselfishness of the Americans for all unfortunate foreigners. The steerage is a little crowded, and rather warm and close, but no doubt it is best for us that it should be so.

Yesterday our people got to quarrelling among themselves, and the captain turned a volume of hot steam upon a mass of them and scalded eighty or ninety of them more or less severely. Flakes and ribbons of skin came off some of them. There was wild shrieking and struggling while the vapour enveloped the great throng, and so some who were not scalded got trampled upon and hurt. We do not complain, for my employer says this is the usual way of quieting disturbances on board the ship, and that it is done in the cabins among the Americans every day or two.

Congratulate me, Ching-Foo! In ten days more I shall step upon the shore of America, and be received by her great-hearted people; and I shall straighten myself up and feel that I am a free man among freemen.

AH SONG HI.

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LETTER III.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO,—I stepped ashore jubilant! I wanted to dance, shout, sing, worship the generous Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. But as I walked from the gang-plank a man in a gray uniform\* kicked me violently behind and told me to look out—so my employer translated it. As I turned, another officer of the same kind struck me with a short club and also instructed me to look out. I was about to take hold of my end of the pole which had mine and Hong-Wo's basket and things suspended from it, when a third officer hit me with his club to signify that I was to drop it, and then kicked me to signify that he was satisfied with my promptness. Another person came now, and searched

\* Policeman,

all through our basket and bundles, emptying everything out on the dirty wharf. Then this person and another searched us all over. They found a little package of opium sewed into the artificial part of Hong-Wo's queue, and they took that, and also they made him prisoner and handed him over to an officer, who marched him away. They took his luggage, too, because of his crime ; and, as our luggage was so mixed together that they could not tell mine from his, they took it all. When I offered to help divide it, they kicked me and desired me to look out.

Having now no baggage and no companion, I told my employer that, if he was willing, I would walk about a little and see the city and the people until he needed me. I did not like to seem disappointed with my reception in the good land of refuge for the oppressed, and so I looked and spoke as cheerily as I could. But he said, Wait a minute—I must be vaccinated to prevent my taking the small-pox. I smiled, and said I had already had the small-pox, as he could see by the marks, and so I need not wait to be “vaccinated,” as he called it. But he said it was the law, and I must be vaccinated anyhow. The doctor would never let me pass, for the law obliged him to vaccinate

all Chinamen, and charge them *ten dollars apiece* for it, and I might be sure that no doctor who would be the servant of that law would let a fee slip through his fingers to accommodate any absurd fool who had seen fit to have the disease in some other country. And presently the doctor came and did his work and took my last penny—my ten dollars which were the hard savings of nearly a year and a half of labour and privation. Ah, if the law-makers had only known there were plenty of doctors in the city glad of a chance to vaccinate people for a dollar or two, they would never have put the price up so high against a poor friendless Irish, or Italian, or Chinese pauper fleeing to the good land to escape hunger and hard times.

—  
AH SONG HI.

LETTER IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, 18—.

DEAR CHING-FOO,—I have been here about a month now, and am learning a little of the language every day. My employer was disappointed in the matter of hiring us out to service on the plantations in the far eastern portion of this continent. His enterprise was

a failure, and so he set us all free, merely taking measures to secure to himself the repayment of the passage-money which he paid for us. We are to make this good to him out of the first moneys we earn here. He says it is sixty dollars apiece.

We were thus set free about two weeks after we reached here. We had been massed together in some small houses up to that time, waiting. I walked forth to seek my fortune. I was to begin life a stranger in a strange land, without a friend or a penny, or any clothes but those I had on my back. I had not any advantage on my side in the world—not one, except good health and the lack of any necessity to waste any time or anxiety on the watching of my baggage. No, I forget. I reflected that I had one prodigious advantage over paupers in other lands—I was in America! I was in the heaven-provided refuge of the oppressed and the forsaken!

Just as that comforting thought passed through my mind some young men set a fierce dog on me. I tried to defend myself, but could do nothing. I retreated to the recess of a closed doorway, and there the dog had me at his mercy, flying at my throat and face or any part of my body that presented itself. I

shrieked for help, but the young men only jeered and laughed. Two men in gray uniforms (policemen is their official title) looked on for a minute and then walked leisurely away. But a man stopped them and brought them back and told them it was a shame to leave me in such distress. Then the two policemen beat off the dog with small clubs, and a comfort it was to be rid of him, though I was just rags and blood from head to foot. The man who brought the policemen asked the young men why they abused me in that way, and they said they didn't want any of his meddling. And they said to him, "This Ching devil comes till Ameriky to take the bread out o' dacent intilligent white men's mouths, and whin they try to defend their rights there's a dale o' fuss made about it."

They began to threaten my benefactor, and, as he saw no friendliness in the faces that had gathered meanwhile, he went on his way. He got many a curse when he was gone. The policemen now told me I was under arrest, and must go with them. I asked one of them what wrong I had done to any one that I should be arrested, and he only struck me with his club and ordered me to "hold my yop." With a jeering crowd of street boys

and loafers at my heels, I was taken up an alley and into a stone-paved dungeon which had large cells all down one side of it, with iron gates to them. I stood up by a desk while a man behind it wrote down certain things about me on a slate. One of my captors said, "Enter a charge against this Chinaman of being disorderly and disturbing the peace."

I attempted to say a word, but he said, "Silence! Now ye had better go slow, my good fellow. This is two or three times you've tried to get off some of your d—d insolence. Lip won't do here. You've *got* to simmer down, and if you don't take to it paceable we'll see if we can't make you. Fat's your name?"

"Ah Song Hi."

"*Alias* what?"

I said I did not understand, and he said what he wanted was my *true* name, for he guessed I picked up this one since I stole my last chickens. They all laughed loudly at that.

Then they searched me. They found nothing, of course. They seemed very angry and asked who I supposed would "go my bail or pay my fine." When they explained these things to me I said I had done nobody



harm, and why should I need to have bail or pay a fine? Both of them kicked me and warned me that I would find it to my advantage to try and be as civil as convenient. I protested that I had not meant anything disrespectful. Then one of them took me to one side and said, "Now, look here, Johnny, it's no use you playing softy wid us. We mane business, ye know; and the sooner ye put us on the scent of a V, the aisier ye'll save yerself from a dale of trouble. Ye can't get out o' this for anny less. Who's your frinds?"

I told him I had not a single friend in all the land of America, and that I was far from home and help, and very poor. And I begged him to let me go.

He gathered the slack of my blouse collar in his grip and jerked and shoved and hauled at me across the dungeon, and then unlocking an iron cell-gate thrust me in with a kick and said, "Rot there, ye furrin spawn, till ye lairn that there's no room in America for the likes of ye or your nation."

AN SONG II.





## XX.

### CURIOUS RELIC FOR SALE.

"For sale, for the benefit of the Fund for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Firemen, a Curious Ancient Bedouin Pipe, procured at the city of Endor in Palestine, and believed to have once belonged to the justly-renowned Witch of Endor. Parties desiring to examine this singular relic with a view to purchasing can do so by calling upon Daniel S., 119 and 121, William Street, New York."

AS per Advertisement in the *Herald*. A curious old relic indeed, as I had a good personal right to know. In a single instant of time a long-drawn panorama of sights and scenes in the Holy Land flashed through my memory—town and grove, desert, camp, and caravan clattering after each other and disappearing, leaving me with a little of the surprised and dizzy feeling which I have experienced at sundry times when a long express train has overtaken me at some quiet curve and gone whizzing, car by car, around the corner and out of sight. In that prolific instant I saw again all the country from the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth clear to Jerusalem.

and thence over the hills of Judea and through the Vale of Sharon to Joppa, down by the ocean. Leaving out unimportant stretches of country and details of incident, I saw and experienced the following described matters and things:--Immediately three years fell away from my age, and a vanished time was restored to me—September, 1867. It was a flaming Oriental day—this one that had come up out of the past and brought along its actors, its stage-properties, and scenic effects—and our party had just ridden through the squalid hive of human vermin which still holds the ancient Biblical name of Endor; I was bringing up the rear on my grave four-dollar steed, who was about beginning to compose himself for his usual noon nap. My! only fifteen minutes before how the black, mangy, nine-tenths naked, ten-tenths filthy, ignorant, bigoted, besotted, hungry, lazy, malignant, screeching, crowding, struggling, wailing, begging, cursing, hateful spawn of the original Witch had swarmed out of the caves in the rocks, and the holes and crevices in the earth, and blocked our horses' way, besieged us, threw themselves in the animals' path, clung to their manes, saddle-furniture, and tails, asking, beseeching, demanding "bucksheesh!

*bucksheesh!* BUCKSHEESH!" We had rained small copper Turkish coins among them, as fugitives fling coats and hats to pursuing wolves, and then had spurred our way through as they stopped to scramble for the largess. I was fervently thankful when we had gotten well up on the desolate hillside and outstripped them, and left them jawing and gesticulating in the rear. What a tempest had seemingly gone roaring and crashing by me and left its dull thunders pulsing in my ears!

I was in the rear, as I was saying. Our pack-mules and Arabs were far ahead, and Dan, Jack, Moulton, Davis, Denny, Church, and Birch (these names will do as well as any to represent the boys) were following close after them. As my horse nodded to rest I heard a sort of panting behind me, and turned and saw that a tawny youth from the village had overtaken me—a true remnant and representative of his ancestress the Witch—a galvanised scurvy, wrought into the human shape and garnished with ophthalmia and leprous scars—an airy creature with an invisible shirt-front that reached below the pit of his stomach, and no other clothing to speak of except a tobacco-pouch, an ammunition-pocket, and a venerable gun, which was long enough to club any game

with that came within shooting distance, but far from efficient as an article of dress.

I thought to myself, "Now this disease with a human heart in it is going to shoot me." I smiled in derision at the idea of a Bedouin daring to touch off his great-grandfather's rusty gun and getting his head blown off for his pains. But then it occurred to me, in simple school-boy language, "Suppose he should take deliberate aim and 'haul off,' and fetch me with the butt-end of it?" There was wisdom in that view of it, and I stopped to parley. I found he was only a friendly villain who wanted a trifle of bucksheesh, and after begging what he could get in that way was perfectly willing to trade off everything he had for more. I believe he would have parted with his last shirt for bucksheesh, if he had one. He was smoking the "humbliest" pipe I ever saw—a dingy, funnel-shaped, red-clay thing, streaked and grimed with oil and tears of tobacco, and with all the different kinds of dirt there are, and thirty per cent of them peculiar and indigenous to Endor and perdition. And rank? I never smelt anything like it. It withered a cactus that stood lifting its prickly hands aloft beside the trail. It even woke up my horse. I said I would take

that. It cost me a franc, a Russian kopek, a brass button, and a slate pencil; and my spendthrift lavishness so won upon the son of the desert that he passed over his pouch of most unspeakably villainous tobacco to me as a free gift. What a pipe it was, to be sure! It had a rude brass wire cover to it, and a little coarse iron chain suspended from the bowl, with an iron splinter attached to loosen up the tobacco and pick your teeth with. The stem looked like the half of a slender walking-stick with the bark on.

I felt that this pipe had belonged to the original Witch of Endor as soon as I saw it, and as soon as I smelt it I knew it. Moreover, I asked the Arab cub in good English if it was not so, and he answered in good Arabic that it was. I woke up my horse and went my way, smoking. And presently I said to myself reflectively, "If there is anything that could make a man deliberately assault a dying cripple, I reckon may be an unexpected whiff from this pipe would do it." I smoked along till I found I was beginning to lie, and project murder, and steal my own things out of one pocket and hide them in another; and then I put up my treasure, took off my spurs, and put them under my horse's tail, and shortly came

tearing through our caravan like a hurricane. From that time forward, going to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, Bethany, Bethlehem, and everywhere, I loafed contentedly in the rear and enjoyed my infamous pipe and revelled in imaginary villany. But at the end of two weeks we turned our faces toward the sea and journeyed over the Judean hills, and through rocky defiles, and among the scenes that Samson knew in his youth, and by and by we touched level ground just at night, and trotted off cheerily over the plain of Sharon. It was perfectly jolly for three hours, and we whites crowded along together, close after the chief Arab muleteer (all the pack-animals and the other Arabs were miles in the rear), and we laughed and chatted and argued hotly about Samson, and whether suicide was a sin or not, since Paul speaks of Samson distinctly as being saved and in heaven. But by and by the night air, and the duskiness, and the weariness of eight hours in the saddle began to tell, and conversation flagged and finally died out utterly. The squeak-squeaking of the saddles grew very distinct; occasionally somebody sighed, or started to hum a tune and gave it up; now and then a horse sneezed. These things only

emphasized the solemnity and the stillness. Everybody got so listless that for once I and my dreamer found ourselves in the lead. It was a glad new sensation, and I longed to keep the place for evermore. Every little stir in the dingy cavalcade behind made me nervous. Davis and I were riding side by side right after the Arab. About eleven o'clock it had become really chilly, and the dozing boys roused up and began to inquire how far it was to Ramlah yet, and to demand that the Arab should hurry along faster. I gave it up then, and my heart sank within me, because of course they would come up to scold the Arab. I knew I had to take the rear again. In my sorrow I unconsciously took to my pipe, my only comfort. As I touched the match to it the whole company came lumbering up and crowding my horse's rump and flanks. A whiff of smoke drifted back over my shoulder, and—

“The suffering Moses!”

“Whew!”

“By George, who opened that graveyard?”

“Boys, that Arab's been swallowing something dead!”

Right away there was a gap behind us. Whiff after whiff sailed airily back, and each



one widened the breach. Within fifteen seconds the barking, and gasping, and sneezing, and coughing of the boys, and their angry abuse of the Arab guide, had dwindled to a murmur, and Davis and I were alone with the leader. Davis did not know what was the matter, and don't to this day. Occasionally he caught a faint film of the smoke, and fell to scolding at the Arab and wondering how long he had been decaying in that way. Our boys kept on dropping back further and further, till at last they were only in hearing, not in sight. And every time they started gingerly forward to reconnoitre—or shoot the Arab, as they proposed to do—I let them get within good fair range of my relic (she would carry seventy yards with wonderful precision), and then wafted a whiff among them that sent them gasping and strangling to the rear again. I kept my gun well charged and ready, and twice within the hour I decoyed the boys right up to my horse's tail, and then with one malarious blast emptied the saddles almost. I never heard an Arab abused so in my life. He really owed his preservation to me, because for one entire hour I stood between him and certain death. The boys would have killed him if they could have got by me.

By and by, when the company were far in the rear, I put away my pipe—I was getting fearfully dry and crisp about the gills, and rather blown with good diligent work—and spurred my animated trance up alongside the Arab, and stopped him and asked for water. He unslung his little gourd-shaped earthenware jug, and I put it under my moustache and took a long, glorious, satisfying draught. I was going to scour the mouth of the jug a little, but I saw that I had brought the whole train together once more by my delay, and that they were all anxious to drink too—and would have been long ago if the Arab had not pretended that he was out of water. So I hastened to pass the vessel to Davis. He took a mouthful, and never said a word, but climbed off his horse and lay down calmly in the road. I felt sorry for Davis. It was too late now, though, and Dan was drinking. Dan got down, too, and hunted for a soft place. I thought I heard Dan say, “That Arab’s friends ought to keep him in alcohol, or else take him out and bury him somewhere.” All the boys took a drink and climbed down. It is not well to go into further particulars. Let us draw the curtain upon this act.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, now, to think that after three changing years I should hear from that curious old relic again, and see Dan advertising it for sale for the benefit of a benevolent object. Dan is not treating that present right. I gave that pipe to him for a keepsake. However, he probably finds that it keeps away custom and interferes with business. It is the most convincing inanimate object in all this part of the world perhaps. Dan and I were room-mates in all that long "Quaker City" voyage, and whenever I desired to have a little season of privacy I used to fire up on that pipe and persuade Dan to go out; and he seldom waited to change his clothes either. In about a quarter, or from that to three-quarters of a minute, he would be propping up the smoke-stack on the upper deck and cursing. I wonder how the faithful old relic is going to sell?





## XXI.

### SCIENCE *v.* LUCK.

**A**T that time, in Kentucky (said the Hon. Mr. Knott, M. C.), the law was very strict against what it termed "games of chance." About a dozen of the boys were detected playing "seven-up" or "old sledge" for money, and the grand jury found a true bill against them. Jim Sturgis was retained to defend them when the case came up, of course. The more he studied over the matter and looked into the evidence the plainer it was that he must lose a case at last—there was no getting around that painful fact. Those boys had certainly been betting money on a game of chance. Even public sympathy was roused in behalf of Sturgis. People said it was a pity to see him mar his successful career with a big prominent case like this, which must go against him.

But after several restless nights an inspired idea flashed upon Sturgis, and he sprang out of bed delighted. He thought he saw his way through. The next day he whispered around

a little among his clients and a few friends, and then when the case came up in court he acknowledged the seven-up and the betting, and, as his sole defence, had the astounding effrontery to put in the plea that old sledge was not a game of chance! There was the broadest sort of a smile all over the faces of that sophisticated audience. The judge smiled with the rest. But Sturgis maintained a countenance whose earnestness was even severe. The opposite counsel tried to ridicule him out of his position, and did not succeed. The judge jested in a ponderous judicial way about the thing, but did not move him. The matter was becoming grave. The judge lost a little of his patience, and said the joke had gone far enough. Jim Sturgis said he knew of no joke in the matter—his clients could not be punished for indulging in what some people chose to consider a game of chance until it was *proven* that it was a game of chance. Judge and counsel said that would be an easy matter, and forthwith called Deacons Job, Peters, Burke, and Johnson, and Dominies Wirt and Miggles, to testify; and they unanimously and with strong feeling put down the legal quibble of Sturgis by pronouncing that old sledge *was* a game of chance.

"What do you call it *now*?" said the judge.

"I call it a game of science!" retorted Sturgis; "and I'll prove it, too!"

They saw his little game.

He brought in a cloud of witnesses, and produced an overwhelming mass of testimony, to show that old sledge was not a game of chance, but a game of science.

Instead of being the simplest case in the world, it had somehow turned out to be an excessively knotty one. The judge scratched his head over it a while, and said there was no way of coming to a determination, because just as many men could be brought into court who would testify on one side as could be found to testify on the other. But he said he was willing to do the fair thing by all parties, and would act upon any suggestion Mr. Sturgis would make for the solution of the difficulty.

Mr. Sturgis was on his feet in a second.

"Impanel a jury of six of each, Luck *versus* Science; give them candles and a couple of decks of cards, send them into the jury room, and just abide by the result!"

There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. The four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the "chance" jury-men, and six inveterate old seven-up professors

were chosen to represent the "science" side of the issue. They retired to the jury room.

In about two hours Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow three dollars from a friend. [Sensation.] In about two hours more Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a "stake" from a friend. [Sensation.] During the next three or four hours the other dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans. And still the packed audience waited, for it was a prodigious occasion in Bull's Corners, and one in which every father of a family was necessarily interested.

The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following

#### VERDICT.

We, the jury in the case of the Commonwealth of Kentucky vs. John Wheeler et al., have carefully considered the points of the case, and tested the merits of the several theories advanced, and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge or seven-up is eminently a game of science, and ~~not~~ of chance. In demonstration whereof it is hereby and herein stated, iterated, reiterated set forth, and made manifest that, during the

entire night the "chance" men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition; and furthermore, in support of this our verdict, we call attention to the significant fact that the "chance" men are all busted, and the "science" men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the "chance" theory concerning seven-up is a pernicious doctrine, and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it.

"That is the way that seven-up came to be set apart and particularised in the statute-books of Kentucky as being a game not of chance but of science, and therefore not punishable under the law," said Mr. Knott. "That verdict is of record, and holds good to this day."







## XXII.

### “HOW IS THIS FOR HIGH?”

**F**ROM Missouri a friend furnishes the following information upon a matter which has probably suggested an inquiry in more than one man's mind:—A venerable and greatly esteemed and respected old patriarch, late of this vicinity, divulged to me on his death-bed the origin of a certain popular phrase or figure of speech. He said it came about in this wise. A gentleman was blown up on a Mississippi steamboat, and he went up in the air about four or four and a half miles, and then, just before parting into a great variety of fragments, he remarked to a neighbour who was sailing past on a lower level, “Say, friend how is this for high?”





### XXIII.

#### MARK TWAIN'S MAP OF PARIS.

**I** PUBLISHED my "Map of the Fortifications of Paris" in my own paper a fortnight ago, but am obliged to reproduce it to satisfy the extraordinary demand for it which has arisen in military circles throughout the country. General Grant's outspoken commendation originated this demand, and General Sherman's fervent endorsement added fuel to it. The result is that tons of these maps have been fed to the suffering soldiers of our land, but without avail. They hunger still. We will cast these lines into the breach, and stand by and await the effect.

The next Atlantic mail will doubtless bring news of a European frenzy for the map. It is reasonable to expect that the siege of Paris will be suspended till a German translation of it can be forwarded (it is now in preparation), and that the defence of Paris will likewise be suspended to await the reception of the French translation (now progressing under my own hands, and likely to be unique). King Wil-

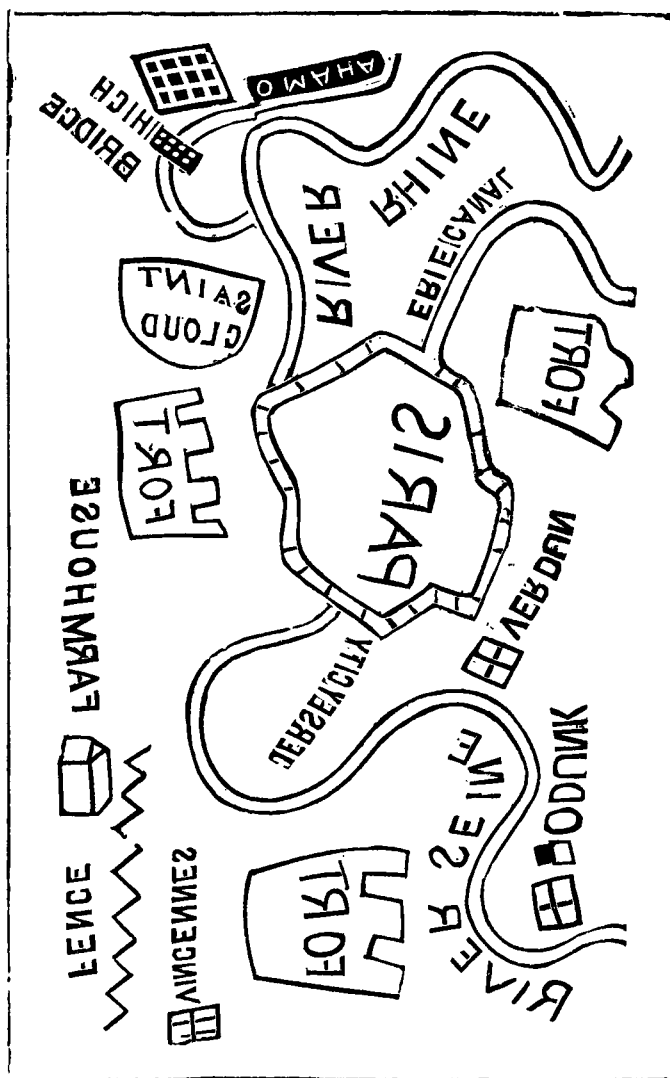
liam's high praise of the map, and Napoleon's frank enthusiasm concerning its execution, will ensure its prompt adoption in Europe as the only authoritative and legitimate exposition of the present military situation. It is plain that if the Prussians cannot get into Paris with the facilities afforded by this production of mine they ought to deliver the enterprise into abler hands

Strangers to me keep insisting that this map does *not* "explain itself." One person came to me with bloodshot eyes and a harassed look about him, and shook the map in my face, and said he believed I was some new kind of idiot. I have been abused a good deal by other quick-tempered people like him, who came with similar complaints. Now, therefore, I yield willingly, and for the information of the ignorant will briefly explain the present military situation as illustrated by the map. Part of the Prussian forces, under Prince Frederick William, are now boarding at the "farm-house" in the margin of the map. There is nothing between them and Vincennes but a rail fence in bad repair. Any corporal can see at a glance that they have only to burn it, pull it down, crawl under, climb over, or walk around it, just as the commander-in

chief shall elect. Another portion of the Prussian forces are at Podunk, under Von Moltke. They have nothing to do but float down the river Seine on a raft and scale the walls of Paris. Let the worshippers of that overrated soldier believe in him still, and abide the result: for me, *I* do not believe he will ever think of a raft. At Omaha and the High Bridge are vast masses of Prussian infantry, and it is only fair to say that they are likely to *stay* there, as that figure of a window-sash between them stands for a brewery. Away up out of sight over the top of the map is the fleet of the Prussian navy, ready at any moment to come cavorting down the Erie Canal (unless some new iniquity of an unprincipled Legislature shall put up the tolls, and so render it cheaper to walk). To me it looks as if Paris is in a singularly close place. She never was situated before as she is in this map.

MARK TWAIN.





## TO THE READER

The accompanying map explains itself.

The idea of this map is not original with me, but is borrowed from the great metropolitan journals.

I claim no other merit for this production (if I may so call it) than that it is accurate. The main blemish of the city-paper maps, of which it is an imitation, is, that in them more attention seems paid to artistic picturesqueness than geographical reliability.

Inasmuch as this is the first time I ever tried to draft and engrave a map, or attempt anything in the line of art at all, the commendations the work has received, and the admiration it has excited among the people, have been very grateful to my feelings. And it is touching to reflect that by far the most enthusiastic of these praises have come from people who know nothing at all about art.

By an unimportant oversight I have engraved the map so that it reads wrong end first, except to left-handed people. I forgot that in order to make it right in print it should be drawn and engraved upside down. However, let the student who desires to contem-

plate the map stand on his head or hold it before a looking-glass. That will bring it right.

The reader will comprehend at a glance that that piece of river with the "High Bridge" over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the graving-tool, which rendered it necessary to change the entire course of the River Rhine, or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in digging and gouging at the map, I would have changed the course of the Atlantic Ocean before I would have lost so much work.

I never had so much trouble with anything in my life as I had with this map. I had heaps of little fortifications scattered all around Paris at first, but every now and then my instruments would slip and fetch away whole miles of batteries, and leave the vicinity as clean as if the Prussians had been there.

The reader will find it well to frame this map for future reference, so that it may aid in extending popular intelligence, and dispelling the wide-spread ignorance of the day.

MARK TWAIN

OFFICIAL COMMENDATIONS

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.

U. S. GRANT.

---

It places the situation in an entirely new light.

BISMARCK.

---

I cannot look upon it without shedding tears.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

---

It is very nice large print.

NAPOLEON.

---

My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, and, though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain. But, sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now.

J. SMITH.

---

If I had had this map I could have got out of Metz without any trouble.

BAZAIN.



I have seen a great many maps in my time  
but none that this one reminds me of.

TRUCHU.

---

It is but fair to say that in some respects  
it is a truly remarkable map.

W. T. SHERMAN.

---

I said to my son Frederick William, "If  
you could only make a map like that I should  
be perfectly willing to see you die — ever  
anxious."

WILLIAM III





## XXIV.

### RILEY—NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

ONE of the best men in Washington—or elsewhere—is RILEY, correspondent of the great San Francisco dailies.

Riley is full of humour, and has an unfailing vein of irony, which makes his conversation to the last degree entertaining (as long as the remarks are about somebody else). But, notwithstanding the possession of these qualities, which should enable a man to write a happy and an appetizing letter, Riley's newspaper letters often display a more than earthly solemnity, and likewise an unimaginative devotion to petrified facts, which surprise and distress all men who know him in his unofficial character. He explains this curious thing by saying that his employers sent him to Washington to write facts, not fancy, and that several times he has come near losing his situation by inserting humorous remarks which not being looked for at headquarters, and consequently not understood, were thought to be

dark and bloody speeches intended to convey signals and warnings to murderous secret societies, or something of that kind, and so were scratched out with a shiver and a prayer and cast into the stove. Riley says that sometimes he is so afflicted with a yearning to write a sparkling and absorbingly readable letter that he simply cannot resist it, and so he goes to his den and revels in the delight of untrammelled scribbling; and then, with suffering such as only a mother can know, he destroys the pretty children of his fancy and reduces his letter to the required dismal accuracy. Having seen Riley do this very thing more than once, I know whereof I speak. Often I have laughed with him over a happy passage, and grieved to see him plough his pen through it. He would say, "I had to write that or die; and I've got to scratch it out or starve. *They* wouldn't stand it, you know."

I think Riley is about the most entertaining company I ever saw. We lodged together in many places in Washington during the winter of '67-8, moving comfortably from place to place, and attracting attention by paying our board—a course which cannot fail to make a person conspicuous in Washington. Riley

would tell all about his trip to California in the early days, by way of the Isthmus and the San Juan river; and about his baking bread in San Francisco to gain a living, and setting up ten-pins, and practising law, and opening oysters, and delivering lectures, and teaching French, and tending bar, and reporting for the newspapers, and keeping dancing-school, and interpreting Chinese in the courts—which latter was lucrative, and Riley was doing handsomely and laying up a little money when people began to find fault because his translations were too “free,” a thing for which Riley considered he ought not to be held responsible, since he did not know a word of the Chinese tongue, and only adopted interpreting as a means of gaining an honest livelihood. Through the machinations of enemies he was removed from the position of official interpreter, and a man put in his place who was familiar with the Chinese language, but did not know any English. And Riley used to tell about publishing a newspaper up in what is Alaska now, but was only an iceberg then, with a population composed of bears, walruses, Indians, and other animals; and how the iceberg got adrift at last, and left all his paying subscribers behind, and as soon as the commonwealth floated out of the

jurisdiction of Russia the people rose and threw off their allegiance and ran up the English flag, calculating to hook on and become an English colony as they drifted along down the British Possessions; but a land breeze and a crooked current carried them by, and they ran up the Stars and Stripes and steered for California, missed the connection again and swore allegiance to Mexico, but it wasn't any use; the anchors came home every time, and away they went with the north-east trades drifting off sideways toward the Sandwich Islands, whereupon they ran up the Cannibal flag and had a grand human barbecue in honour of it, in which it was noticed that the better a man liked a friend the better he enjoyed him; and as soon as they got fairly within the tropics the weather got so fearfully hot that the iceberg began to melt, and it got so sloppy under foot that it was almost impossible for ladies to get about at all; and at last, just as they came in sight of the islands, the melancholy remnant of the once majestic iceberg canted first to one side and then to the other, and then plunged under for ever, carrying the national archives along with it—and not only the archives and the populace, but some eligible town lots which had increased in value as fast as they diminished in size in

the tropics, and which Riley could have sold at thirty cents a pound and made himself rich if he could have kept the province afloat ten hours longer and got her into port.

And so forth and so on, with all the facts of Riley's trip through Mexico, a journey whose history his felicitous fancy can make more interesting than any novel that ever was written. What a shame it is to tie Riley down to the dreary mason-work of laying up solemn dead-walls of fact! He does write a plain, straightforward, and perfectly accurate and reliable correspondence, but it seems to me that I would rather have one chatty paragraph of his fancy than a whole obituary of his facts.

Riley is very methodical, untiringly accommodating, never forgets anything that is to be attended to, is a good son, a staunch friend, and a permanent reliable enemy. He will put himself to any amount of trouble to oblige a body, and therefore always has his hands full of things to be done for the helpless and the shiftless. And he knows how to do nearly everything, too. He is a man whose native benevolence is a well-spring that never goes dry. He stands always ready to help whoever needs help, as far as he is able- and not simply with his money, for that is a cheap and com-

mon charity, but with hand and brain, and fatigue of limb and sacrifice of time. This sort of men is rare.

Riley has a ready wit, a quickness and aptness at selecting and applying quotations, and a countenance that is as solemn and as blank as the back side of a tombstone when he is delivering a particularly exasperating joke. One night a negro woman was burned to death in a house next door to us, and Riley said that our landlady would be oppressively emotional at breakfast, because she generally made use of such opportunities as offered, being of a morbidly sentimental turn, and so we should find it best to let her talk along and say nothing back—it was the only way to keep her tears out of the gravy. Riley said there never was a funeral in the neighbourhood but that the gravy was watery for a week.

And, sure enough, at breakfast the landlady was down in the very sloughs of woe—entirely broken-hearted. Everything she looked at reminded her of that poor old negro woman, and so the buckwheat cakes made her sob, the coffee forced a groan, and when the beefsteak came on she fetched a wail that made our hair rise. Then she got to talking about deceased, and kept up a steady drizzle till both of us

were soaked through and through. Presently she took a fresh breath and said, with a world of sobs—

“ Ah, to think of it, only to think of it!—the poor old faithful creature. For she was *so* faithful. Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that self-same house and that self-same family for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick! And, oh, to think she should meet such a death at last!—a sitting over the red-hot stove at three o’clock in the morning and went to sleep and fell on it and was actually *roasted!* Not just frizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a crisp! Poor faithful creature, how she *was* cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to scrimp to do it, I will put up a tombstone over that lone sufferer’s grave—and Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her——”

“ Put it ‘ *Well done*, good and faithful servant!’ ” said Riley, and never smiled.

[I have either printed that anecdote once before or told it in company so many thousand times as to carry that seeming to my mind, but it is of no consequence—it is worth printing half a dozen times.]





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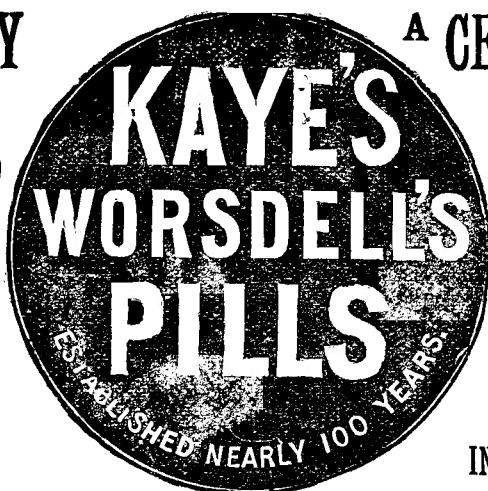
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